

# The Competing Artists

• SARA C. PALMER •



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"The Competing Artist"

Palmer

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The Competing Artist

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# THE COMPETING ARTISTS

BY

**SARA C. PALMER**

Author of "The Story of My Life,"  
"Vera Dickson's Triumph," etc.



Chicago

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## READ WHAT PASTORS, EDUCATORS AND AUTHORS SAY ABOUT THIS STORY

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ALTOONA, PA.

It has been a real pleasure, as well as a rare privilege, to read the advance proof sheets of Miss Sara C. Palmer's latest literary production, "The Competing Artists." The main purport of the work, as the reader will soon discover, is to offset the laxity these days respecting the unequal yoke in the realm of matrimony. There is no doubt whatever but that thousands of homes have been ruined and the bright and happy prospects of just as many lives have been blasted by the reckless disregard of the plain and specific injunction of the Apostle Paul on this point.

It is a timely message for the young Christian who is about to make a selection of a companion for life. No one will go amiss by heeding its pungent warning. Of course, for those who are established in the Word, the message of this little book is not needed. But, unhappily, there are thousands of young people in our churches (and I say it to our shame) who seem to see only the sentimental side of matrimony and who are too frivolous to read any staid, prosaic work on this subject who would do well to read and heed the earnest admonition of this conscientious, consecrated hand-maiden of the Lord.

It is true, the tinge of fictional is strongly colored throughout the work, which quality would open to the author a wide door into the field of secular romance were it not for the fact that her powers have already been fully consecrated to the Man in the glory at the right hand of the Father. But, the

work not only aims to correct the weakness among Christians in respect to the unequal yoke of matrimony, but incidentally strikes some telling blows at the modern theology which denies the deity of the Lord Jesus, the inspiration of the Scriptures, as well as some of the other great and fundamental tenets of the Christian faith.

The person with the hard, cold, mathematical turn of mind will not need a message of this kind in this form but those prospective brides and bridegrooms who are accustomed to receiving their impressions through the channel of fiction, will find here a message, which, if heeded, will save them from many a sad heartache, and to this end we earnestly pray the Holy Spirit to use the author's labors.

CHARLES F. REITZEL.

WHEATON COLLEGE,  
WHEATON, ILL.

I have had the privilege of reading Miss Palmer's new book, "The Competing Artists." I read her first book, "*Vera Dickson's Triumph*," with pleasure, but the present writing is, I think, very much stronger. The moral tone is high, and the literary quality is good. I wish that every young man and woman in the world might read it. It would save some, bless multitudes, and do harm to nobody.

CHARLES A. BLANCHARD.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,  
NEW YORK CITY.

I have read the proof of your new book, "The Competing Artists," with great interest. I think it is a story that is calculated to do a great deal of good amongst young people, for the incalculable harm that is being done today by the unequal yoke, is distressing in the extreme. Your book is at least a warning signal against all those who would rush into the marriage state without considering the heart attitude of the contracting parties towards the Lord.

JOSEPH W. KEMP.



GOSPEL TABERNACLE,  
HAMILTON, ONT.

During the thirty years of my public ministry, I have seen much sorrow and many sad failures, as the result of mis-marriage. I believe that "The Competing Artists" has a timely message for our Christian young people on these lines, and wish that it might be widely read.

P. W. PHILPOTT.



## AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

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The reception of *Vera Dickson's Triumph*, and the letters received from friends commenting on the truth contained in the story, have been an incentive to present in the same form, truth along another line.

The question may be asked, "Did this really happen?" As in the case of *Vera Dickson's Triumph*, the stories told, the illustrations used are true. The scene at the house on the hill, the professor's testimony, the doctor's experience, the leading of the Lord in the lives of those who sacrificed for conviction are taken from the lives of people whom I met in my work. Therefore, the fictional is but the vehicle to convey the truth to the reader of "The Competing Artists."

My prayer is, that as this little story goes out on its mission, it may be used to lead many to see the fateful consequences that follow an unequal yoke, and to lead others from higher criticism, scepticism and unbelief, to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

SARA C. PALMER.





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# The Competing Artists

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## I

### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

“The Crow’s Nest” was an imposing old residence built with stone, and standing high up on a cliff overlooking the Atlantic. It was the home of Capt. Hugh Scott for whom Scott City, nestling in the valley, was named.

The residents had a profound respect for the Captain, whose estimable character was their ideal and whose unpretentious ways appealed to them. They loved him as a friend and took a kindly interest in the welfare of his two beautiful daughters, who were left motherless when quite young.

Rhoda, the elder daughter, married a minister and went west to live, while Elizabeth spent much of her time with her father; or, at the home of her sister, occasionally coming to "The Crow's Nest" for "a little bit of home," as she termed it. There was rejoicing among the townspeople when it was announced that Elizabeth was to be married to Capt. Robert Robinson and to live at the old home.

Until the decease of its owner, Capt. Scott, the old place had the appearance of opulence and comfort; but in recent years the family was so reduced in circumstances that decay seemed stamped on everything in and around the old mansion. "A skeleton in the closet," said the neighbors, as they shook their heads and looked pityingly toward the house on the hill. It did not take much searching to find the ghastly spectacle. Robert Robinson, the much admired young sea-captain, had long ago drifted so far, through drink, that he had forgotten his responsibility as a father to his family of lovely children, two of whom had been snatched away in death. He was absent when the death-angel visited the home and took the first-born—a boy of six years—and his wife had to face the sorrow alone. Her trust in God seemed to carry her through; but when one month later she knelt by the side of a little cot and watched the life of her one-year old child flicker



out, it seemed her Gethsemane. There was a bitter fight before she could say with her Lord, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done." She felt the loss more keenly because her husband, who had been so kind and attentive when they were married, had gradually been drifting from home and family. Her womanly intuition saw the change before anyone else could detect it, but womanlike she tried to cover up his faults and was always ready with an excuse for his careless habits and even when her sensitive feelings were hurt would try to think she had judged him wrongly. There came a time, however, when it was no longer possible to shield him. His seafaring companions noticed his growing boldness in the use of the intoxicating glass; that he who would not have gone home, in the past, while under the influence of liquor, would stagger home openly now after an evening's revelling, and it was no unusual thing for the neighbors to pick him up and take him to the house on the hill, when he was too drunk to find his way alone. At last, the heaviest blow of all fell when Capt. Robinson, dismissed from the company's service, came home to stay.

Now that the entire burden of the family rested on Mrs. Robinson's shoulders, she aged quickly and looked many years her husband's senior, though in reality she was two years younger. Her fortune,

which was a large one, was practically used up, and she was hoping that Margaret, her oldest living child, who had developed exceptional brilliance in her school work, and on whom, for the cultivation of her varied talents, much money had been spent, would help her with the education of the other children. She had also prayed and hoped that her husband would, at least, reform and regain his position, but instead, he was going from bad to worse. It seemed that his godless life sent hope of an early answer to prayer into eclipse, and the petitioner to prepare for a struggle more bitter, and more prolonged, than she had ever anticipated.

Margaret Robinson was tall and slender, with dark hair and dark, pensive eyes. She could not be called beautiful, though there was a winsome beauty in her smile. Old and young alike commented on her strength of character, and the magnetism of her personality, which made her a leader wherever she went.

When she entered college she found many young women, who apparently had been pampered and catered to in their own homes, unwilling to give the time necessary to study. They were willing to offer any kind of bait, or reward, to induce others to join them in their plans to avoid the long hours of study the curriculum called for. Margaret made it known that she came to college to study, to pass examina-

tions, and afterward make her living by what she had learned in the halls of Welder. When in her junior year, she attended revival meetings in Central Church, the church of which Dr. Smith, father of one of her classmates, was pastor, and received special permission to sing in the choir, there was no end of criticism. She was expected to fail in her final examinations that year, but to the surprise of all had the best marks in her class. Her explanation was that she had settled the great question of her soul's salvation with God and the joy that salvation had brought had carried her through with flying colors. Her mother was more than pleased that the Lord had so graciously answered prayer, and that Margaret and she would enjoy sweet fellowship together, in the Lord, during the long summer vacation.

The days and weeks of that memorable summer passed all too quickly. Many and varied were Margaret's experiences. She fought battles and won victories, learning from each new and trying experience a lesson, that enriched her spiritual life, and prepared her for further conflict in the years that lay ahead.

"Mother," she said one day, as the two settled down on the window-seat of the sewing room to work, "were you saved when you married father?"

There was silence for a few moments and if she had looked up, Margaret would have seen tears spring

into her mother's eyes, and her lips quiver, but Mrs. Robinson's voice was steady as she answered in low, though firm tones, "Yes, dear, I was saved."

"Did no one try to stop your marriage?" said Margaret, with tender pity for the mother whom she loved dearly.

"Yes, our godly old minister, who was such a friend of your grandfather, told me I should not marry a man who indulged in wine; but I was confident I could reform him after we were married. I shall never forget his answer. I thought it heartless at the time. He said, 'I never believed in this business of marrying men to reform them. It never worked and it never will. It only means broken hearts, and two wrecked lives instead of one.'"

"Evidently you did not heed his counsel; you were not deterred from taking the step," said the inquiring daughter.

"No, I was young, as you know, and had no mother to advise me. Like many young girls I was flattered by the attentions of a handsome young man, and your father was desperately in love with me. I must confess, I did not pray about the matter, but simply took the reins in my own hands, discovering, when it was too late, that I was out of the will of God. Now I must bear the consequences, blaming no one but myself, for my disobedience. If I had con-



sulted the Lord more about my marriage and had been true to Him, rather than being so infatuated with a person who never had been born again, I would not have to suffer as I am doing. I must not demur, for the Lord has been good to His disobedient child, through the years, and has never been more precious than He is today."

Capt. Robinson was very fond of his daughter Margaret and in his worst hours of intoxication was willing to do anything she requested. She was like a ray of sunshine in the home at all times and her absence, even for a short time, was keenly felt. Returning from a walk, just as the evening meal was ready, she was greeted by her father's voice calling hilariously, "Come on, Margaret, we are as hungry as bears, but must be polite while you are here since you are a dignified senior in college."

Margaret received her father's teasing with laughter, but shame dispelled the happy look in her eyes and deepened the color of her already rosy cheeks, as she recalled the many times she had partaken of a meal, since her return, without openly acknowledging the bountiful hand of her heavenly Father. Somehow the bracing air, the brisk walk, and the sweet communion with God gave her courage. Looking her father in the face, and placing her hand caressingly on his arm, to the inexpressible delight of her mother,

she said, "Papa, I think we ought to return thanks to God for our daily bread. Shall we bow our heads while I ask a blessing?"

"You have always had your own way, Margaret, and I suppose we will have to accede to your request in this also."

Margaret's heart fluttered like that of a frightened bird, her head swam and her voice left her; but by the time she got the little folks to bow their heads and close their eyes she had regained her self-possession, and in simple language thanked God for the food of which they were about to partake.

"Papa didn't close his eyes, Margaret," piped little Hugh, who was the member of the family who seemed to give more trouble than all the others put together. Margaret had been their nurse, teacher, and companion long enough to know how to manage them and especially frank, open Hugh, who was always free to tell people their faults. Heroically trying to maintain her self-composure, she laughingly inquired, "What were you doing, Hugh, when you saw papa? I fear your eyes were not closed."

This was a hard hit at Hugh's reverence and caused such a laugh that he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, not for having his eyes open during the prayer, but for the fact that he was found out.

The whole circumstance seemed embarrassing to all

and the meal was taken in comparative silence, but Margaret felt she had gained a victory that would strengthen her in character in the coming days. She little realized how much she would need that strength for the battles that lay before her, and what the victories won in the little things would mean as she faced the greater battles she was yet to encounter.

"Mother," she said one day, as they were busy working together, "I wish we might have a family altar."

Mrs. Robinson and Margaret were close companions. The elder woman felt her daughter a great strength and comfort to her and seemed glad to open her heart to such an enthusiastic young Christian.

"I have always wanted family prayers where our daily supplications should rise to God as a sweet-smelling sacrifice, but your father has held that such practices belong to ministers of religion, therefore our days have begun as if we had nothing to do with God and so they have closed. My heart hungers for real fellowship. The establishment of a family altar would mean so much to our home and family."

It was Sunday and the children had gone to Sunday-school, while the others had joined them at church. Capt. Robinson always went to church when Margaret was at home, as she had a way of commanding him that was unknown to any other

member of the family. He was never known even in her early childhood, to refuse her. The young people were rather restless and hard to entertain during the long afternoon, as Mrs. Robinson forbade their engaging in the sports that belonged to the other days of the week, so to the surprise of the husband and father, Margaret gathered the family into the living room, passed around Bibles and hymn books and started a little meeting. They sang a few Sunday-school songs chosen by the children. Margaret asked them to sing:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of Glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood!"

She then told them exultantly how the Lord had saved her and how true those words were in her experience. After reading a portion of Scripture they knelt in prayer, while Margaret, in the simple language of a babe in Christ, thanked God for salvation and asked Him to save all who were now bowed at the throne of grace in that room. Mrs. Robinson wept at the thought of a broken family circle as they would gather around the throne of God in heaven.

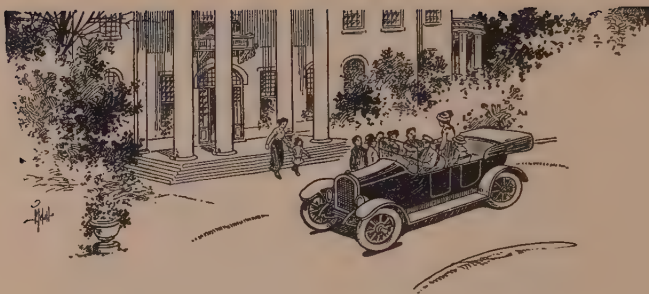
"Papa didn't kneel," said one little voice. The



other children looked and wondered, but Margaret's heart was too full to laugh them off as she had done before, so she walked into the library, followed by Hugh, who repeated what his little sister had said, "Papa didn't kneel, Margaret."

"I know he didn't, dear, but you know mamma and I are saved, and we love God so much we want to bow at His throne as we pray, but papa is not saved. We must pray that God will bring him to Himself and one day we shall rejoice when we see him kneeling with us and talking to God, as mamma and I do."

No member of the family was more mischievous than Hugh, but none more tender-hearted. He was an emotional boy and there was something tender and appealing in the explanation that satisfied his inquiring mind. He did not fail to see the tears, nor catch the touch of pathos in his sister's voice, and his heart went out to the one who felt so keenly her father's attitude to the things of God. Looking shyly around to make sure they were alone, he put his arms around her neck and kissed her, saying, "Yes, Margaret, we'll pray for papa until he prays out loud like you do when dinner is ready, and when we have a little Sunday-school all by ourselves."



## II

### A MIDNIGHT BATTLE

An automobile stopped at "The Crow's Nest" and five travel-stained passengers alighted. An hour before a special delivery letter had been received saying that the Rev. Foster Russell and his wife, formerly Rhoda Scott, and their family would stop off and spend a few days with the Robinson's. The two sisters, who had spent their childhood days at the old home, but who had been separated for years, were pleased to see each other and had much to talk about. The men, too, talked over the past, though soon they were engaged in a heated discussion of politics, while the Scott City young people rose to the occasion, introducing their western cousins to the things of interest in their little world,—first, their rabbits, then the garden mother had taught them to

plant and cultivate, and, last of all, the row-boat which had made many a trip to the fishing boats lying at anchor in the bay.

Busy days followed for Margaret, as she was anxious her mother should give as much time as possible to her aunt. She took charge of the kitchen, laughingly saying that she wanted to put her domestic science theory into practice. The fact of the matter was, she had a hard time over the culinary art as she tried to plan a variety of meals from their scanty store, but fortunately for her the garden produce saved the day. With her ability to make things appetizing she was lauded to the skies for her good cooking, which repaid her for the hours spent puzzling over the menus.

It was only after the young folks retired for the night that Margaret found time to talk to her friends, and then her aunt became a regular interrogation point.

"You have specialized in art, I understand," said Mrs. Russell.

"Yes, I was told I had some gift along that line and I have no difficulty in selling my pictures. I expect to pay for my last year at college with the proceeds."

"You like your work then," said her uncle, much interested.

"Oh, yes, I am in love with my work," enthusiastically replied Margaret.

"And with your art teacher as well," put in her aunt, teasingly.

"I fear some one has been telling tales."

"Yes, your mother told me you are engaged. How old is the young man?"

"Three years my senior, but as to the engagement, auntie, I fear it will have to be broken off."

"Why?"

"The young man is not a Christian."

"Is he a church member?" interrupted her uncle.

"Yes."

"Then, to my mind, such an act as you anticipate, only precipitates unnecessary sacrifice."

"But, uncle, I would rather sacrifice friendship than principle. He has never been born again and the Bible says, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' If I understand the purport of the text I would be disobeying God to marry an unbeliever."

"You could not call a church member an unbeliever."

"Yes, I think I am safe in doing so," argued Margaret, a little perturbed, "since his belief is only in the head, while mine is now in the heart, and that, to me, would be an unequal yoke."

"Paul is speaking about heathen and infidels," argued her uncle.

"He is speaking of more than heathen," answered Margaret, taking out her little testament and turning to a portion that was well worn. "Let me read what he says, 'What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?' Now since I came into the light of the gospel I find Arthur Ambrose is in the dark, according to his own testimony. He confesses frankly he is not saved."

"Perhaps Margaret is right," chimed in her aunt. "I once advised her mother along that line and I have always regretted it. I feel more guilty today than ever before, since I see how old she looks and how hard she has to work, when she might have been happily married to a good Christian man who could have given her every comfort in life. No one knows the sorrow in my life over her taking that step at my advice, and," she continued, turning to Margaret, "if you feel you should not marry this young man, do not let anyone advise you against your conscience."

"I have had this teaching from my childhood and I see the result of an unequal yoke right here in my own home, so, no matter what it may mean, by God's help, I shall never take the step mother took. Father

is as kind a man as you could find, in his own way," said Margaret, remembering her love for her parent whom she delighted in helping, and who loved her enough to grant her requests when temptations were great and strong. She had saved him from taking many wrong steps and he had always thanked her for it. So, in spite of his waywardness, she had a love for the wandering sheep that drove her,—now that she was saved,—to her knees in earnest prayer for his salvation.

While she talked freely to her aunt about her convictions, it was not such an easy matter to break off her engagement to the young artist at college as some might think.

Tired out after the strangers took their leave, the members of the household expressed their desire to retire early in order to rest after a very strenuous week. Margaret went to her room but not to sleep. She locked the door, and dropping on her knees at her bedside, sobbed out her troubles to a sympathizing Friend and there decided to return the ring to Arthur Ambrose. In this nocturnal battle she had taken a step unprecedented among her girl friends, and had chosen between a life of comparative ease and luxury, and a future of sacrifice and hard work, but she did it in obedience to a plain command in the Word of God and left the consequences with Him.



The future was dark; poverty might stare her family in the face, but the words of Joseph Johnson which she had read a short time before came like a healing balm to her wounded spirit, "Poverty is not always a curse, it is often a solace, ever an incentive and frequently a blessing." Arising from her knees at midnight, with tear-stained cheeks, she said resolutely, as though speaking to a friend in the room, "Lord, this is the biggest battle I have ever been called upon to fight, but with Thy grace I shall lose no time in making my decision known when I return to college. Help me to be true and loyal to Thee now and always, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

She was too much excited to sleep, so throwing a wrap around her she stole softly downstairs and quietly opened the door. Thrilled with the scene that lay before her she stepped out on the veranda. The ocean never looked more beautiful as it smiled back at a shining moon in a clear sky. Stepping off the piazza into the sweet-scented summer night she made her way to the garden. A rustic gate and archway was the entrance to what she had called her mother's domain. Beautiful roses—the gift of an old friend of the family—twined around the archway and here in the fragrant night she felt she could calm her unruly nerves. Flowers gleamed on the bushes as she passed, and a spray of sweet little

roses brushed her face leaving tears on her cheek. The scented breath from the sweet peas met her and seemed to drive away the fever from her throbbing temples. A decision had been made. The transition from a care-free, easy-going, pleasure-loving, nominal Christian, such as she was but a few short months before, to an eager, earnest follower of Jesus Christ, willing to make sacrifices and face hardships for her convictions was so rapid, that this new experience seemed like a phantom that might depart with the morning dew; but here in the silent night she could feel it was true. Large white moths flitted against the bushes, crickets made their peculiar music, while frogs in a distant pond kept up a continual croaking and from a leafy bower would fall, from time to time, a sweet, drowsy birdnote. The girl sat down on a rustic bench that nestled under a honeysuckle bower, and looked into the beautiful moonlit sky with its multitude of stars. In that hour her doubts as to the advisability of the step she was about to take, seemed as illusive as the moths of the night—moths that would fall at a touch, their transient life blotted out forever,—and quietly, with simple trust in God as her Father and Guide, she sang softly the very language of her soul in that hour:

"Precious thought—my Father knoweth!  
In His love I rest;  
For what e'er my Father doeth  
Must be always best;  
Well I know the heart that planneth  
Nought but good for me;  
Joy and sorrow interwoven,  
Love in all I see.

"Precious thought—my Father knoweth!  
Careth for His child;  
Bids me nestle closer to Him,  
When the storms beat wild;  
Though my earthly hopes are shattered,  
And the tear-drops fall,  
Yet He is Himself my solace,  
Yea, my 'all in all.'

"Oh, to trust Him then more fully!  
Just to simply move  
In the conscious calm enjoyment  
Of the Father's love;  
Knowing that life's chequered pathway  
Leadeth to His rest;  
Satisfied the way He taketh  
Must be always best."



### III

#### A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Capt. Robinson had signed a temperance pledge, turned over a new leaf, and was seeking to live differently since Margaret came home. Having frequently done this in the past, it was natural for his friends to expect this new attempt to be a failure like the others. However, several weeks had actually elapsed and he was able to pass the saloon, and, to the surprise of many, refuse drinks from former companions.

It was Hugh's birthday and an eventful one indeed. Early in the morning Margaret wrote to her fiancé, the second time since that memorable night mentioned in the last chapter, telling him again of her decision. Her first letter had been taken as a girlish

whim and fancy—Arthur scouting the idea of breaking the engagement—so this one, after another bitter struggle, was made *most* emphatic. Placing the letter on the hall table for some one to mail, she proceeded to carry out her plans for a special dinner in the evening when the father, who would be out of town on business, could be with them.

"Margaret," said Robert, Jr., as he pointed to the name on the envelope, "when is he coming to see us?"

"Not this year, Robert," said Margaret evasively.

"Where is he?" asked Hugh.

"He has gone to the Pacific Coast to see his father, who is very ill."

"What is his name?" asked little Rhoda.

"Oh, don't you know? It is Shon Tuncan Tonal MacKinzie," drolled Robert, in a Scottish Highland brogue.

"Maybe it is Shon MacTugald," said Hugh, in perfect imitation of his brother's droll.

"That's a nice way to talk about your sister's fiancé," chimed in Jane.

"Fi—what?" asked Rhoda.

"Fiasco," laughed Robert.

"No, it isn't, Rhoda. He is just teasing. Mamma says it is fi-an-ce," said Hugh, coming to the rescue of his little sister.

The morning was beautiful, the sun shone brightly,

and the bay invited oarsmen to enjoy its waters. A good substantial lunch was packed in a basket and Robert took the children in the row-boat to the picnic grounds on the other side of the bay, where he was to keep them for several hours in order to give Margaret a chance to prepare the dinner for the evening. They had scarcely time to get to the other side before a storm arose. For half an hour the wind blew boisterously, the rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed and thunder pealed. The sea looked like a regular whirlpool with angry waves chasing each other and beating furiously against the rocks.

"The children, the children!" moaned Mrs. Robinson. "They have not had time to reach the other side."

Margaret lost no time in getting in touch with the men at the harbor who might help them, but nothing could be done until the storm abated.

By the time lunch was ready, the storm had cleared away leaving a choppy sea. The anxious watchers could see several little boats go out in search of the picnickers. Field glasses were brought, but there was no sign of the little boat, and the woods, miles away, were scanned but no children. The lunch remained untouched and hearts were indeed heavy. Preparations, however, for the dinner went on apace, though a gloom seemed to be settling down on everything. What if the children who had gone away laughing,



chatting, and teasing should never return? What if the gay decorations should suddenly be turned into deepest mourning? Worry and questions could not bring them back, so the anxious ones could do nothing but wait. Yes, there was one thing more that both Mrs. Robinson and Margaret remembered they could do—pray. They went together to the Friend whom they had learned to trust under all circumstances, and found in Him the comfort and consolation they needed in that trying hour. A peace they had not known since the storm began, filled their souls and they found it an easy matter to trust the dear ones, whether they were in danger or in safe-keeping, to the One who could say to the storm—"Be still!" At four o'clock a noise outside brought the watching mother to the veranda in time to greet a laughing, rollicking quartette coming up the steps. Her cup of joy was surely full as she saw how the Lord had so graciously answered prayer and protected the children in the midst of danger.

They were all talking at once and were greatly excited over their adventure. Margaret joined them asking many questions and the family soon had enough news to keep the conversation going for a week should callers come to inquire about their safety. Over and over again that day, and for several days afterwards, the same story was told.

"We saw it coming," Robert would say in answer to the questions put to him, "and rowed to the ferry."

"We stayed in the boathouse until it was over," Hugh would inform the neighbors.

"We had lunch there, too," was Rhoda's part of the story, feeling that it was an item that should not be left out.

"And came home in Mr. Leslie's car," said Jane with a shake of her proud little head. "The chauffeur told us to wait until he was ready and he would bring us home, and so here we are."

"Well, I am glad you are home safely," said Mrs. Robinson, with a sigh of relief. "I thought I might never see you again and I do not know what I would do without my children."

At six o'clock the children gathered in the living room and waited for the moment when dinner would be announced. Margaret had purposely delayed the meal in order to give her father time to reach home after the six o'clock train, but when seven came and he had not put in an appearance they decided to go on without him. The little company tried to be as jolly as possible during the meal, but there were many things to remind them of the vacant chair and the absent one.

It was a sumptuous meal—an old-fashioned chicken

dinner, such as only a real home can furnish, and justice was done to the ample helping each one received. Hugh's joy knew no bounds when Margaret brought the birthday cake with its ten lit candles—one for each year of his life.

"I wonder if the President ever had a better dinner than this," he said, as he clapped his hands and looked at the good things provided in his honor.

"Sure," said little Rhoda smilingly, "he has birthdays and nice things to eat, nice flowers to look at and nice friends to talk to. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, dear, that is so," said Margaret, "only we cannot compare our table to the one in the White House."

"Nor our Hugh to the President," laughed Robert. "We are trying to treat you nicely, Master Hugh," he continued, "but if you were President Hugh Scott we would have to be on our best behavior and treat you as the chief executive. How would you like that?"

This was too much for Hugh, who wished he hadn't asked about the White House table, and until the conversation changed felt rather uncomfortable under the smile of his older brother.

The dinner was over, the table was to be cleared, but still the husband and father had not appeared. The mother was apprehensive and unable to hide her

feelings longer for the strain of the morning had been trying and now another blow seemed more than she could bear. Tender-hearted little Hugh noticed the tears in his mother's eyes, slipped off his chair, and put his arms around her neck, saying, "Never mind, mamma. Let's fix everything nice for him and leave it until he gets here. We'll treat him as if he were the President." So saying he went over to his father's place, fixed the napkin just as it had been earlier in the evening, and returning kissed his mother affectionately.

Two o'clock in the morning brought the intoxicated father. Mrs. Robinson's fears were well grounded—his resolution had been like many in the past, made only to be broken. It was afternoon before he appeared. His wife took him into the dining room and showed him the place fixed for him by his boy, after the disappointment at his birthday party. Telling him the story she plead with him to come to the God who was waiting to treat him just the same way. His heart was touched and once more he resolved to give up the sin that had been dragging him downward for so many years, but once again, he failed to come to the right source where alone salvation from sin can be obtained—the Cross of Christ.



#### IV

### A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

Margaret had returned to college and when the rush of registration was over, and the students had settled down to work, she asked to be excused from study one evening. A short time afterwards she was seated in the parlor with her art teacher. They were in earnest conversation and neither of them dreamed how that meeting would affect their lives in the coming days and years.

"I am now a Christian and you are not saved," Margaret was saying, "and that is my only reason for feeling it my duty to ask that our engagement be broken off."

"College girls like to break off engagements," replied Arthur—anticipating the inevitable, though trying to dissuade her from her purpose—"and so you want to be fashionable, Margaret."

"No, I do not believe in many of the engagements in college, and you know I am very emphatic in my

denunciation of the girls who break off their engagement because they are accepting the attentions of another. That, to my mind, is, to say the least, weakness of character."

"I fear some one has alienated your affections during the vacation."

"Yes, someone has," was Margaret's rejoinder, "and that Person is the Son of God."

"Bosh, Margaret, He is not the Son of God! He is Joseph's son and was a good man—a hero—but you could never make me believe He was divine."

"That is why I am convinced that our union would be an unequal yoke, Arthur. I believe in the Christ whom the Bible speaks of as 'the only begotten' Son of God."

"Nonsense, that is taking the Bible literally. He was no more the Son of God than I am. He was a good man—an ideal man—but He was just human."

"Who ever heard of a mere man having the inestimable place in the minds and hearts of the people Jesus Christ has?"

"What place has He more than Pharaoh, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or the President of the United States?"

"Any, or all, you have mentioned have not an infinitesimal part of the place Jesus Christ has in the world today. Everything centers around Christ.



Every professed infidel as well as every civilized and Christianized man, in spite of himself, proves his belief in Jesus Christ when he dates his letters in the year of our Lord 19—. We do not date our letters from Pharaoh, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or from the inauguration of the first President of the United States, but from our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Custom, and not conviction, makes them conform to the rule.”

“True in the case of the unsaved, but when next Sunday comes around five hundred million people will worship that Jesus—the lowly ‘Man of sorrows’—who was born in a stable, was cradled in a manger, worked at a carpenter’s bench and died upon the cross.”

“Many of them do it because it is popular and respectable.”

“Correct, but I do it because I believe in the eternal verities, and also because:

‘I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.’”

“This belief of yours, Margaret, is going to spoil your life and hurt your influence. I know that old-fashioned people, like my father, believe in the Bible

as the inspired Word of God, but the products of the best colleges of today cannot accept it as such."

"I am sorry to say that is the case, Arthur, but where have our colleges been going for their theology?"

"To Europe."

"Yes, to a backslidden nation like Germany. What have her universities done for us? The highest 'kultur' they offer is to rob our Lord Jesus Christ of His Deity; deny the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and flood the world with higher criticism."

"If you oppose the teaching of the colleges along this line you will be classed with the unthinking, the illiterate or the bigoted."

"Our Lord's disciples were called ignorant and unlearned men, yet their writings are classics today."

"To change the subject,—I fear that you have grown cold in your love for me and this is only an excuse to break off our engagement."

"No, Arthur, you will never know how much it has cost me to do this. You know something of my home and what my mother has had to do since she was married. That is the result of an unequal yoke."

"But," said he furiously, "you would never compare me to your father."

"Yes, safely, when I remember he was as good, as highly educated, as clever, as much of a genius

when he was married as you are today. He lacked the one thing needful and that has brought my poor father to where he is," said Margaret with tears.

"I should not have said what I did, but I was angry to think that you could not trust me to make you happy, even though I do not quite agree with your views. You may be able to win me over to your way of thinking after we are married."

"The risk in itself would be sin. If you are not willing to accept Christ as your Saviour now, I cannot expect you to do so after I have disobeyed His command and married you—an unbeliever."

"You have an iron will, Margaret, and are excited. Think it over calmly for a few days and I will take you out on Monday, and perhaps you will change your mind by that time. I have been looking forward with great pleasure to many happy days in this, your last year at college, and our marriage at the close. To relinquish you now seems absolutely preposterous."

"I am very sorry to have to disappoint you, Arthur, but you will find my decision the same next Monday as it is today. After much prayer and searching the Scriptures I find this step the will of God for me, unless you become a child of God. To me the fundamentals of the faith 'once for all delivered to the saints' are things of intrinsic value, worth while

to seek for, and having found, to die for, if need be."

"You have the blood of martyrs in your veins, hence your strong will, but we will talk it over on Monday again and, if it must be good-by, we will say it then."

"All right, Arthur. I shall keep you on my prayer list. You could be a power for God if saved."

Arthur Ambrose was a handsome young man of twenty-four years. His brow was smooth and high, his hair coal-black, his eyes dark and piercing. His bearing and gait spoke of noble birth, while a strong will backed up a determination to do his part in lifting the human race, through culture and education to a higher plane.

As he left Margaret Robinson in the parlors of Welder college he went to his room to think. Though he was prepared by Margaret's letters for what had taken place he did not think when he saw her face to face that she would have the courage to stand so firm. But, amazed and incredulous, he watched her as she worsted him every time in the battle against the Bible. Her pre-arranged plan, her skillful way of handling the arguments in favor of the Bible and the teachings of Scripture; the decisive way she asked to be relieved from her promise to marry him, surprised him beyond measure. He knew the historic

character of her people, who were slow to anger, difficult to arouse, yet implacably determined once their wills backed their awakened convictions, and he admired her for her courage, backbone, determination, and strength of character.

He had been carefully trained by a most godly mother and also by a father who was a consecrated, zealous, exemplary Christian. When his mother died he was sent to his aunt's luxurious home and to the best schools. He was a gifted artist and was chosen by Welder College to take over the art department as soon as he had graduated at the university.

Welder was a Christian college. The scholastic standard had been raised until it ranked among the best of the land, but Arthur had no difficulty in finding kindred spirits on its faculty, who, like himself, believed the Bible to contain the Word of God, rather than being itself the Word of the living God.

"There is nothing docile about Margaret. Among women she is peerless; she is a heroine in her devotion to duty and her courage is superb," he mused as he made his way to his room. "My mother would have been pleased with her stand and father would say she is right, but I cannot believe that these old-fashioned notions about Christianity are right, and that the educated, cultured, intellectual people of our modern institutions are wrong in their theology.

So far as her convictions go I admire her straightforward way of letting me know. I will miss her; her noble character has made me a better man than ever I was before; her very presence makes one feel better and her fine sense of honor and righteousness was always uplifting. There is something else, though, that is giving me food for thought. If our engagement is broken off, which I fear it will be, the people may say I jilted Margaret and her influence will be hurt. If I stay here, it will make it hard for her, for I know she cares, and I fear in spite of her courage, she will have a hard fight to finish her course in college."

He had reached his room by this time and, throwing himself into an easy chair, continued his musings. "I think I had better arrange to have some one take my place for a year and I will accept the offer of the Society of Artists to travel in their interests to the beautiful spots of the world. Margaret will make her name in the world of art and will have no difficulty in taking care of the family at "The Crow's Nest," which is a big task for one so young as she. I wish I had convictions like her, but I cannot believe as father and she do and I suppose I will have to become reconciled to the fact that I have practically lost the friendship of a good father, and the companionship of one of the best women in the world."

So it came to pass that when he came to Welder on Monday morning to take Margaret for a day's outing that there was little discussion about why the engagement was broken off. The ring was returned and they parted as good friends—Margaret released to serve the Lord as she desired,—while Arthur started out to continue his Christless career, unwilling to give Jesus Christ His rightful place and in simple faith accept Him as his Saviour and thereby prove His power to save.





## V

### THE TRICKY BOYS

Her greatest ordeal for the present was past, and Margaret settled down to work with a vim that amazed her fellow students who knew nothing of her sorrow. She had taken the step for the Lord and was looking to Him for grace to live a better and a nobler life than ever before. With Arthur absent from the school she realized she could overcome the sorrow better than if she were compelled to meet him from time to time. So, time, the healer of so many wounds, gradually wrought its therapeutic wonders. She found that through sorrow she could administer healing to many a wounded spirit, leading her to say with a full heart, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father

of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

She was a born leader, and with system and method was able to accomplish her schoolwork, the extra work with palette and brush, and in addition devote much time to the work of the student Young Women's Christian Workers Society. She never expected to do much in public for the Lord, but was willing, in her circumscribed field, to devote all the time possible to the service of the One who had done so much for her.

For a year she had been a faithful attendant at Dr. Smith's church, and a member of the Bible class led by the pastor's wife. Never before had she heard the Word of God opened up as it was by these devoted servants of God. The lessons in the class were a feast of good things, while the sermons were food indeed, for one who was growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. There was no uncertain sound about the messages delivered by Dr. Smith, who was fearless in giving out the old-fashioned truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This was not the case in the college church, whose minister was a higher critic who left his hearers with their feet

dangling in the air—no reality, no assurance, no “Thus saith the Lord.”

The Bible class planned a “good-by party” for Margaret during commencement week, but owing to the added work and rush of graduation it had to be postponed until the day that she should have left for home. This meant an extra day, which was hailed with delight by Mildred Smith who entertained her friend.

“Margaret,” said Mildred, as she ran breathlessly into the room, “what do you think? Mrs. Boyd is to entertain the class at her home for your farewell party.”

“How delightful!”

“It is just like her. She is always doing things like that.”

“Won’t Sylvia be pleased?”

“Yes, but George will be furious. You know father is terribly worried about George and our Ralph.”

The Boyds were the wealthiest members in Central Church. Sylvia Boyd was a sophomore at college and a great admirer of Margaret Robinson, in fact, she had taken her as her ideal of young womanhood and Margaret had had the joy of pointing her to the Saviour. George Boyd was a freshman and was

greatly prejudiced against Margaret though he had never met her.

"Mother," he said, as he learned of the farewell gathering, "you do not expect me to attend this affair?"

"Yes, George, I will expect you to have dinner with my guests. After that you will be free to do as you please."

"Oh, pshaw! I hate a crowd of girls."

"Dr. Smith, Ralph and your father will be here, so you will be well protected," she answered laughingly.

"I don't like Margaret Robinson and I think it is awful to impose her company on us."

"But George, you have never met Miss Robinson."

"No, but I have no time for such goody, goody people who have a long-faced religion."

"You should always speak of people as you know them. You will find Miss Robinson an ideal young woman. I wish we had more like her."

"You won't object if I play some tricks on the crowd."

"A little fun,—if you do not carry it too far,—will not hurt anyone and the girls will enjoy it."

"All right, mother. Leave it to me, and I will entertain them and very likely shock your pet guest."

At five-thirty the Boyd limousine stopped at the Smith residence and took the entire family except

Ralph, who was also a freshman at college, and who offered an excuse saying that he would walk. At six o'clock the gong sounded and a very happy crowd chatted gaily as they filed into the spacious dining-room and took their places at the sumptuous board. They were pretty well through the meal when Margaret noticed her plate lift on one side. Immediately she thought of George Boyd, for she smelt battle in the air. When it lifted the second time, she looked calmly down the line right into the guilty face of the culprit and smiled knowingly as though saying, "I know about it, but won't spoil your fun." He read her look and directed his attention on some less wary victims. Soon, around the center of the table to the chagrin of Mrs. Boyd, the plates were dancing a jig, and George was shouting wildly at the girls about this strange performance. One girl who had never heard of the trick was so scared she left the room, but when it was explained sufficiently, she quickly recovered her equilibrium and returned to finish the meal while the fun ran high. When the meal was over a search was made for the cause of the trouble and six plate-lifters that had been successfully operated by George and Ralph were found hanging under the table.

A very happy and profitable time followed, but it was noticed that the boys had disappeared. So when

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Mrs. Boyd announced that each girl was to have a bouquet of flowers, provided she picked them herself by moonlight, she led the way herself, fearing George, who knew her plan, would try another trick as his "good-night" to the girls.

Taking Margaret by the arm she started down through the yard toward the rose garden. The barn was dark but just as they were approaching it Mrs. Boyd's watchful eyes noticed the door on the second story open quietly and a tall figure in flowing white robes glide down the steps toward the garden gate. Clutching Margaret's arm, she whispered, "It's George, and I fear the girls will go into hysterics."

A regular war whoop came from the rear, and forgetting their leader, a wild race was made for the house. The kitchen door was open, which offered a safe retreat. All trying to enter at once caused the door to crash into a tray laden with dishes and tumblers, dashing them to the floor and smashing everything into smithereens. Mrs. Boyd and Margaret fairly screamed with laughter as they saw the mad rush for the kitchen, and the culprit, who had caused all the excitement, standing beside them clapping his hands with glee at his success, and with the help of Ralph getting out of his spooky garments.

"Now," said Mrs. Boyd, "you two gentlemen will be chivalrous enough to accompany the girls and I

shall superintend this time." In a short time afterwards the girls returned laden with beautiful fragrant blossoms.

"I tell you that Margaret Robinson is a brick," said George, as he took his mother's arm and helped her into the house. "Never again shall I say she is a long-faced Christian."

"Mrs. Boyd," said Dr. Smith after the girls had admired, compared, and exclaimed over their beautiful flowers, "I think it would be a nice finish to our delightful evening at your home for us to take hands, stand around in a circle, and sing together, "Blest be the tie that binds."

"A very fitting finish indeed to a farewell party," said Mrs. Boyd approvingly and, turning to her son, she said, "You will join us, George."

To the delight of Mrs. Boyd, George joined the group without a second invitation and actually helped with the singing—something he had not done for a year. After which good-bys were said to the host and hostess, and the guests departed. Ralph preferred to walk and George accompanied him; the others rode.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tired after a busy day, Margaret and Mildred went upstairs arm in arm, chatting about the events of the day. As they entered Mildred's room she



found she had trouble in turning on the light, so leaving Margaret in the doorway she went ahead, thinking it had been turned off at the chandelier, but there discovered that every bulb had been removed.

"There is not a bulb in my room. Ralph Smith, like his friend George Boyd, has been up to some tricks. Never mind I'll get a bulb in mamma's room."

Margaret had entered and was standing by Mildred's side. As they turned, a light on the wall attracted their attention and gave them a spooky feeling for a moment. In great large letters on the paper of the wall were the words, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee." The two girls sank on the bed and held each other by the hand, then Mildred dropped her head on Margaret's shoulder and began to sob.

"Oh, Margaret, it seems blasphemy to use God's Word in playing tricks. Ralph is so skeptical and is such a trial to father. We must not tell him about this."

"I know just how you feel, Mildred, and I think the best thing to do tonight is just what the disciples did when John was beheaded—they went and told Jesus. Let us take it to God in prayer." It seemed a relief to drop on their knees in the darkened room and talk to the One who hears and answers prayer, realizing the truth of His promise "And it

shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

Just at that time the two who were being made a subject of prayer were standing outside discussing what they had done.

"I have a guilty conscience," said Ralph, as he described his trip to the laboratory and the phosphorus he used for the text in Mildred's room. "I should not have used a Scripture text, especially when I know how much father abhors everything that savors of blasphemy," he said, as he told his troubles to a sympathizing friend.

"My conscience is troubling me, too," said George. "It was a shame to upset everything the way I did tonight. Mother is actually afraid to invite Christians to our house lest I insult them, and do you know, Ralph, I would give anything in the world to be a Christian. I never was so surprised in my life as to find Margaret Robinson such a sweet, happy Christian and I believe that those who have said such mean things about her are enemies of everything that is right. Which of them should be our friends, Ralph?"

"The Christians, of course, for we both know they have the best of it."

"Yes, and I want to be one, Ralph. I am tired of my old life—it doesn't satisfy."

"I am with you, George. Let's go in and talk to father."

Leading the way into the parlor, he left George while he sped upstairs.

"Father," he said, as he knocked at the study door, "George Boyd is downstairs and would like to become a Christian. Will you come down and talk with him?"

"And you—Ralph?" said the father earnestly, as he looked at the boy for whom he had prayed so long.

"Yes, father, I, too, want to be saved," said Ralph shyly as they started downstairs.

Dr. Smith was a very tactful personal worker and was delighted to find the boys anxious to settle the great question; he dealt with them, fearlessly using "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." God's Word did its work; and soon the boys were on their knees before the Great Physician—Jesus. Anxious that the others should join them, Dr. Smith went to his daughter's room and found the girls praying for those who were now seeking salvation. As they all knelt at the throne of grace, it was evident that earnestness had displaced frivolity, and that the Holy Spirit was turning the eyes of the Christ-rejectors toward the Cross—where by

faith they accepted the Son of God as their personal Saviour.

What a happy gathering as these two splendid young men, who had been fighting conviction for over a year, surrendered to the claims of Christ!



## VI

### A NEW FRIEND

Early next morning Dr. Smith and Mildred accompanied Margaret to the train which was made up at Welder. The trio were chatting freely when Dr. Smith exclaimed, "Why, here is Prof. Barrande! He is traveling by this train and you will have his company most of the way." The two met and clasped hands in a warm grasp and looked, smilingly, into each other's eyes.

"Delighted to see you, Barrande."

"Delighted to see you, Smith. I tried to find you last night, but no one answered when I 'phoned, so I had to give up the pleasure."

"We were at a little party held in one of our homes for Miss Robinson. Miss Robinson, Prof. Barrande."

As the newly-introduced couple shook hands, Dr. Smith explained that Margaret was a classmate of his daughter and was saved at his church during a revival, and that her experience at the time of and subsequent to her conversion was worth relating.

"We will be able to exchange experiences then and entertain each other on our journey," said the professor, with a smile.

"Dr. Smith, the boy has just brought my last picture from the store where it was being framed. Would you like to look at it?"

As the package was opened and the picture examined closely, Prof. Barrande learned that Margaret was a promising young artist who was making "quite a hit" in the world of pictures.

The last good-by was said and the train crept slowly out of the station. The professor volunteered to wrap the picture up again and as he did so, examined it, carefully placing it beside the seat where nothing could injure it.

"Now," he said, turning to Margaret. "I am anxious to hear your experience in regard to the salvation of the Lord."

Margaret had given her testimony several times in connection with Central Church, as well as individually to some of the girls in school whom she tried to lead to the Saviour of sinners. Now she held

the attention of this distinguished scholar, teacher, and lecturer while she recounted God's dealings with her.

"My experience," she began unostentatiously, "has nothing wonderful about it, except what the Lord has done for me. So far as the fun and frivolity of college life is concerned my life was similar to that of other girls, except that I had the fortitude to lead in every daring feat for three years. To those who knew me and expected me to take the lead in the programs of my last year, it was disconcerting to learn that I had taken my place as a sinner and publicly confessed Christ as my Saviour. Consequently, opposition arose from most unexpected quarters, and was, I am told, unprecedented in the history of the school. One person more friendly than the others, said my participation in the revival was doubtless good for a person who was religiously inclined, but that when I had time to think it over calmly, I would see the colossal mistake I had made in letting my emotions run away with my reason. Some of these same girls, who were bitter enemies of mine then, have since been won for Christ and are today using God's Word not to appeal to the feelings or emotions, but to the reason and intellect of those who read and hear it." Continuing, she told of battles fought and victories won, using as a climax the



farewell party and the conversion of the two boys the night before.

Prof. Barrande seemed much pleased and paid rapt attention all the way through. When she had finished, he said, "Most interesting, Miss Robinson. You have a real experience, without a doubt. Now I will tell you mine."

"I travel each year, to some interesting part of the world, as lecturer for my university, with a company of tourists. On one of these trips, in the early days, I met a very charming young woman. She was highly educated, and had plenty of money, but was different from the rest of the tourists. I discovered afterward that she was an earnest Christian. I paid special attention to her and tried to win her affections, but in vain. She was courteous and kind, but said she would not encourage the attentions of a man for the sake of flirtation. I belonged to the Catholic Church, while she was a member of a Protestant denomination and our views did not coincide at all. Nothing, however, was said against my church. She simply exalted Christ and spoke of the great blessing of knowing Him as a personal Saviour. Her arguments were backed up by Scripture—she always carried a pocket Bible and would frequently ask me to read portions in order to prove her statements. She showed me that salvation was not to be

found in form and ceremony but in a living, loving Saviour whom we can accept as God's gift into our hearts, who goes through life with us, supplying grace for every trying duty; wisdom for every new problem; strength for every fresh trial, and His own presence when we face the dark valley and shadow of the tomb. As I watched her face with its real joy in the knowledge of such a friendship, I envied the one who could talk so intimately and lovingly of such a Friend and a great, longing desire to know Him arose in my heart. Up to that time I had never read the Bible, nor heard the gospel put in this way. I tried to show her that she might convert me to her views if she would permit a more intimate acquaintance, but she was firm as a rock and we parted on friendly terms, not as I had hoped—engaged.

“Procuring a copy of the New Testament, I began to read for myself and the desire to know Christ as a personal Saviour became intense. This new viewpoint that had presented itself to my mind, coupled with a force I had never known before, was working effectually. I cannot explain how, but I began to see myself as a sinner in the sight of God and as such I was perfectly miserable. One night, out of curiosity I went to a rescue mission, thinking I might get that for which my heart was yearning. I listened to the testimonies of those who had been down and

out through sin. This was new—I had never heard people tell how God had saved them. As I listened I learned of the work done to reach sinners down and out, but realized nothing was being done for them who were up and out, and I represented that class. When the invitation was given I took my place with the motley crowd and gave myself as a poor, lost, guilty sinner in full surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, claiming the promise, ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’

“One poor fellow, half drunk, looked at me and said:

“‘I thought you was a parson, sir, but I sees as how you’s jest a sinful guy like the rest of us.’

“‘That’s just what I am,’ I answered, and I told them how the Lord had been dealing with me and how, after a bitter struggle, I had accepted the invitation to come into the Ark and that now I was saved and safe. About a year afterwards I married the girl whose bold stand for God, truth, and righteousness had led me to see my need of a Saviour, so you see it paid for my wife to be true to her convictions and to her God.”

“He knows, He loves, He cares,  
Nothing this truth can dim,  
He gives the very best to those  
Who leave the choice to Him.”

Margaret listened in open-mouthed wonder. Her eyes bulged and filled with tears, and when the story ended she dropped her head in her hands and wept aloud.

Regaining her self-possession she confided her story, and also the story of her home, to this kind-hearted man, carefully omitting the name and position of her teacher, adding, "Your story has strengthened my faith and I shall endeavor to be more true to my God in the future than in the past."

"Do you sell your pictures, Miss Robinson?" asked the professor, looking at his watch.

"Yes, I was able to pay for my last year at school with my work."

"I would like to buy this one and present my wife with it. I know of nothing that would please her more than this beautiful picture." The picture was sold and another nice little sum was added to her account at the bank to help her prepare for her future work.

"I think I can find customers for you," went on the professor. "Let me have your address and I shall keep you in mind. We shall meet again, no doubt, and I trust will have more interesting experiences to relate, as we go on to know Him whom to know is life eternal." They little realized under what circumstances they would meet again and how many

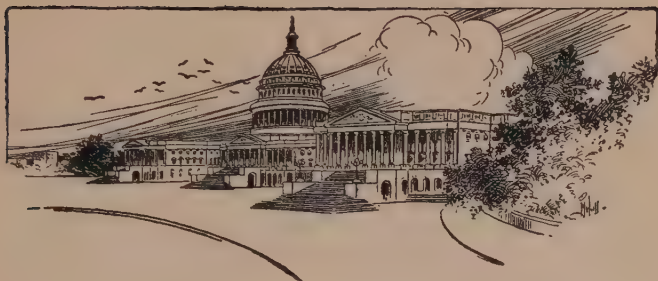
links would be in the chain of their acquaintance to work out God's plan and purpose in their lives for :

"God works in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps on the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

"His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He shall make it plain."



## VII

### BRIGHT PROSPECTS

"Mother, mother, where are you?" called Margaret as she ran into the house with an open letter in her hand.

"Here," answered Mrs. Robinson, who was busy putting away the family washing.

"Oh, mother, I have received the grandest news. Listen! It is from Prof. Barrande, whom I met on the train and to whom I sold my picture."

At the mention of the stranger and the remembrance of his story Mrs. Robinson had turned very pale and heaved a sigh. Margaret was too much excited to notice this and proceeded to read her letter amid interruptions from mischievous Hugh, who stood before her making faces as he waited for the news.

"MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON:

"The picture which I bought on the train has been examined by the President of the National Society of Artists, who is much pleased with the work. He desires to offer you a permanent position with the Society. You will visit the colleges of the land and lecture to the art classes. Your remuneration for the first year will be \$1,250 plus your travelling and hotel expenses. If your work is satisfactory, your salary will be raised \$250 at the expiration of the first year, and this raise will be continued until your annual income will amount to \$2500.

"If you will consider the proposition, wire me. The National Committee meets in Washington soon and I shall arrange for you to be present.

"Cordially yours,

"J. D. BARRANDE."

"Hurrah," shouted Robert, who had just come in in time to hear the letter. "That's a cinch, Margaret. You ought to treat us to ice cream tonight."

"Yes, do," said Hugh, turning a somersault by his sister's side. "I'd like that."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Robinson, so overcome at the good news that she was compelled to sink into a chair until she recovered. Her load of care had become so heavy she felt like breaking under its weight, and it was such a relief to see a piece of blue sky through the dark clouds that hovered around her. She knew that Margaret was one of the most self-sacrificing and unselfish girls a mother could have



and with such prospects for the future she would do her part in bringing the family to positions where they could at least help themselves. She knew also that Margaret was firm with her father and that the money she earned would never pass through his hands to support the liquor dealers, so a bright spot began to dawn on her hitherto dark horizon.

"Praise the Lord!" said Margaret. "He is so good to us. However, I do not feel worthy of such blessings, but am thankful for them and feel rich today for 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He added no sorrow with it.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

The National Committee met in Washington, and as soon as the meeting was called to order Margaret was asked to deliver a lecture such as she would give to an art class in college. She was very nervous and feared she would leave a bad impression on the committee that held her destiny, in the world of art, in their power.

When at the end of half an hour she closed her lecture and waited for the criticism that was to follow, she doubted her acceptance. The members of the committee criticised and interrogated her unmercifully before they requested her to retire to another room. While her record at college was exceptional and her work as an art student ranked high,

yet her youth, her lack of experience, and her possible inability to handle crowds was a drawback; these matters were discussed pro and con for the space of a couple of hours. The president, who was apprized of her family history by Prof. Barrande, anxious to facilitate matters, said:

“Devout teachers of strong character and high ideals are desirable in every college and I know that Miss Robinson has these qualifications, as well as the essentials needed in this position though her age and lack of experience may be against her. I believe, however, that she will do the work creditably and bring honor to our society.”

The question was put, a favorable decision reached and the president himself tendered his congratulations to Margaret, presenting her with the contract and the schedule for the year's work.

Her fears that she might not be accepted for the position were all gone and she returned to the hotel with a light heart, deciding to remain for a few days and see the sights of Washington. The most interesting place of course was the Capitol, which she enjoyed seeing immensely. A guide took her through the Senate and House of Representatives and Statuary Hall where there are so many statues of famous Americans. He was about to move on, when Margaret asked him to point out the statue of the only

woman among these celebrities. Soon she was standing by the side of the statue of Frances Willard, who in the early days of temperance reform had fought the battle single-handed, and who had founded the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Continuing her tour she visited the Art Galleries, Congressional Library, Treasury, Bureau of Engraving, and many other places too numerous to mention. Of course the Post Office, one of the places of interest, was visited every day and, many times, as she sent off messages to the dear ones at home did she think of the words above the east and west entrances to the hub of the postal system of the United States—the Washington Post Office: "Carrier of news and knowledge, instrument of trade and industry, promoter of mutual acquaintance, of peace and good-will among men and nations"; "Messenger of sympathy and love, servant of parted friends, consoler of the lonely, bond of the scattered family, enlarger of common life." Nor did her sight-seeing trip stop in the city; she visited Mount Vernon, the home of George and Martha Washington; the church at Alexandria where the first President of the United States worshiped, and Arlington, Virginia, where the great wireless station that flashes the time to every nook and corner of this great continent is operated.

It was Wednesday night, and although she was tired she still had a number of interesting places to see. She had just placed her order with the waiter in the dining-room and he brought the soup. As was her custom, in private or public, at home or abroad, she bowed her head and gave thanks to the Father of mercies. As she raised her head she discovered someone standing by her side—it was Arthur Ambrose.

“Glad to see you, Miss Robinson,” he said, as he reached out his hand.

“Why, Mr. Ambrose, I did not expect to see you here,” said Margaret in surprise.

“I did not intend being here myself, but I missed connections and have to stay in Washington over night.”

“Well, I am glad to see you.”

“I see by the paper you have been selected for the vacancy with the National Society. Let me congratulate you!”

“Thank you. Yes, that is why I am in Washington. I had rather an exciting time and I am glad it is over. It was such a relief to have the strain over and the contract signed that I decided to quiet my nerves by seeing the Capitol.”

“May I have the pleasure of your company at the theatre tonight?”

"Thank you, Mr. Ambrose, but I have an engagement tonight."

"I did not know you had friends here."

"I do not know any person in this city, not even the President, who will doubtless be sorry I did not call on him," she answered laughing, "but I have a Friend who accompanies me wherever I go and my appointment is with Him."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I had not heard—"

"Yes, you know all about Him—you simply have forgotten. This is prayer-meeting night and there is a trysting place where I shall meet the Son of God—would you care to accompany me?"

"Well, since you are not free to come with me, I think I shall spend the evening in my room. I shall be busy as I leave early tomorrow morning."

So, once more, they parted—Arthur nearer eternity, but farther from God, and Margaret a brighter and a better Christian for having gained another victory. As she prepared to attend the prayer-meeting she sang:

"Beneath the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand—  
The shadow of a mighty rock  
Within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way,

From the burning of the noontide heat,  
And the burden of the day.

“O safe and happy shelter!  
O refuge tried and sweet!  
O trysting place where Heaven’s love  
And Heaven’s justice meet!  
As to the holy Patriarch  
That wondrous dream was given,  
So seems my Saviour’s cross to me—  
A ladder up to heaven.

“I take, O cross, thy shadow  
For my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
The sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,—  
My sinful self my only shame,  
My glory all the cross.”



## VIII

### A TRIP ABROAD

"Prof. Hughes wants you at his office immediately," said a colored page, as he put his head into the studio.

Margaret was working at a picture and her heart beat fast at the summons, as the president never interfered with her work any more than to receive her report from time to time.

"Perhaps I am going to lose my position," she mused as she hastened down the hall. "Well, it will be all right if I do. I have the promise, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' so I shall trust Him and all will be well."

"Good morning, Miss Robinson," said the president warmly.



"Good morning, Prof. Hughes."

"Have you a picture you could exhibit at the International Exhibition of Modern Painters in London?"

"I am working at one just now, but it may not be a very suitable picture."

"Is it in the studio?"

"Yes, on the easel."

A button was touched. Margaret could hear the buzz in another room and almost immediately a messenger boy made his appearance.

"Bring the picture from the easel in the studio where Miss Robinson is working. Be careful how you handle it—carry it by the back."

"Yessah."

"What is the interpretation of your picture, Miss Robinson?" said the president as he examined it closely.

"It is the New Testament story of the lost sheep.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountains cold and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,"

sang Margaret, as she smiled at her own interpretation of the picture. Then, pointing to it she said, "These sheep in the foreground are the ninety and

nine, while this one far away is the lost sheep. Here is the Shepherd," she added, pointing to a man who looked weary and tired, as he stood on one of the mountains.

"I see it," said the president. "It will do. Your picture will live, Miss Robinson.

"Now my next reason for calling you here today is to say that the Society is pleased with the work you have done during the past six years, and they have decided to send you as a delegate to the exhibition. So finish your picture,—have it shipped as soon as possible and make your arrangements for the trip. Do not put your name on it. A number will be put on it at London and should you not get the prize you will not feel embarrassed," he said laughingly, as he bowed her out of the office.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little nurse was very enthusiastic about meetings on board the ship and one day she approached Margaret about giving her testimony.

"I shall be pleased to do it," said Margaret, with enough enthusiasm to make the nurse feel she had met a kindred spirit.

The meeting was held on the upper deck and was attended by only seven people. In simple language Margaret, who was the last to speak, began, "I had been carefully trained and protected from evil from

childhood, but discovered my need of a Saviour during special meetings in my junior year in college. It was hard after living an exemplary life to take the place of a sinner, but on that ground alone God met and saved me. How precious the Word of God has become to my soul since then! The morning portion seems to me like daily manna freshly gathered. While there are some servants of the Lord who know how to rightly divide the Word of Truth, there are many sermons filled with higher criticism. I am often reminded of Ruth's experience. The reapers left handfuls on purpose for her, and she had to do a great deal of work before the grain was converted into food for herself and mother-in-law; but when Boaz came along he gave her parched corn. Faithful ministry is the exposition of the Word of God that we may grow thereby. It is not the study of geology and the other natural sciences, but the Word of God."

Very softly and prayerfully they sang at the close:

"Break Thou the Bread of life,  
Dear Lord, to me,  
As Thou did'st break the loaves  
Beside the sea,  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek Thee, Lord;  
My spirit pants for Thee,  
O living Word!"

"I would like to make your acquaintance, Miss Robinson," said a fine looking, elderly gentleman, as he handed his card. "I am wondering if you are the Miss Robinson whom Prof. Barrande said was to travel by this boat to join his party in London."

"I am one and the same person," said Margaret.

"I happen to be a belated member of the same party and a personal friend of the professor."

"Dr. Mackenzie," said Margaret, looking at the card, "I am pleased indeed to meet one of Prof. Barrande's friends."

"Your testimony was most refreshing," said the doctor. "I am always pleased to hear those who exalt Jesus Christ and who make much of the Word of God. Such testimonies mean much in these days of rank higher criticism, skepticism, and unbelief. If you are not too busy I should like to tell you my story. I believe you will be interested."

"I should like to hear it, very much, indeed. It does one good to hear another person's experience, occasionally."

"Let us sit down here for our chat," said the doctor, as he led the way to the place where their deck chairs were placed. "The lunch bell will not ring for an hour and a half and we can talk for an hour very nicely."

As soon as they were comfortably seated the doc-

tor began. "I am a surgeon, as our mutual friend Barrande can tell you. I was saved while attending the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, during a visit of Moody and Sankey to that city. I married one of the finest Christian women in the world, but she was taken away from me while our boy was still young. I was abroad at the time and my boy was sent to my wife's sister who was to look after his education while I footed all the bills. His aunt had a lot of new-fangled notions about schools and she placed Ambrose in a preparatory school where they had a staff of swell-headed, skeptical teachers who turned him out with a question in his mind about God.

"I am a strong believer in education. There is not a nook or corner of this great continent, but the young people of today have an opportunity of getting at least a high school education. In many cases the standard is so high that the boys and girls can go to the best universities without further preparation, but I tell you, this 'Made-in-Germany' learning that worships intellect, deifies man, and humanizes God is one of the greatest curses that ever entered the seats of learning in this fair land. Every lover of truth knows what fateful consequences follow such teaching, and to them the most depressing fact is, when the devil wants to ruin souls he does not use the uneducated, ignorant and illiterate. He knows his busi-

ness too well for that. He uses the brainy, intellectual men and women and makes the colleges and universities, that are tainted with higher criticism, the incubators of heretics, where they are hatched by the hundred and the thousand. Where is this thing going to end?

"Excuse the digression, but I become exasperated when I think of Ambrose and it takes grace to keep me from cultivating a vindictive spirit. Well, he went from the 'prep' school to the university and finished there just as I arrived across the ocean, to take up my work in my old hospital. I expected him to be a comfort and blessing to me, instead, I found him without faith and filled with higher criticism. He doesn't believe in the creation—he believes in evolution—but I told him if he descended from the monkey, to please not include me in his family 'tree.' He doesn't believe in the miracles and, worst of all, he does not believe in the vicarious suffering of our Lord. Salvation by sacrifice is repulsive to the products of many seats of learning. God help them! They may find out when it is too late that no one will enter heaven without the blood and that the blood of Jesus Christ can never enter hell, so that all who are lost forever are those who did not believe in salvation by sacrifice.

"Do not misunderstand about my boy. A more

moral young man and a more perfect gentleman could not be found. He pities me and considers me old-fashioned, fanatical, and altogether behind the times. He is a strong believer in social service, but has never been born again. In fact, he is a modern Nicodemus and I am praying day by day that God will awaken him as He did the Nicodemus of John's Gospel. He is on the clean side of the broad road and is using every spare moment to clean up the fellows on the dirty side of the same road, when all that he and they need is salvation. It is a good thing to clean up the outside, but the soul of man can never be reached except in God's way, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." There is nothing said in the text about baths and environment. The heart, the life, the home, the business; in fact, the man outside and inside is cleaned up when Jesus Christ takes possession, for the greatest refining power in the world today is the grace of God.

"I fear I have bored you with my story, but I wish you would pray for my boy."

"It seems to me, from what you have told me, that I know your son. Is his professional name Arthur Ambrose?"

"Yes. How do you know him?"

"He was the head of the art department at Welder College, where I was graduated."



"Welder College! By the way did you know a Miss—well maybe you are the young woman herself, of whom he wrote me. He was engaged to a Miss Robinson. Are you the same Miss Robinson?"

"Yes, we were engaged—"

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

"Oh, there is the gong for lunch and we must hurry," said Margaret, glad of something to relieve the embarrassment.

"Where is your home, Miss Robinson?" said the doctor, as though he did not hear her last remark.

"In Scott City."

"Oh!" he said, still staring into space, "then you are a granddaughter of Capt. Hugh Scott, are you not?"

"Yes, did you know my grandfather?"

"I knew him well, but that was many years ago. I was a young man in those days but am getting old now. Your grandfather was one of the grandest men I ever knew—a man of strong character, beloved by all who knew him."

"We seem like old friends, Dr. Mackenzie. I was so pleased when I discovered you knew Prof. Barande, but I am delighted to think that you knew my dear old granddad."

"Tomorrow is our last day on the ship and I have a very interesting story I should like to tell you,"

said the doctor in the same absent-minded way, as though he were trying to bring back memories of days gone by.

"Could we not have it this afternoon, doctor?" said Margaret, who was famed for being expeditious.

"If you are not too busy."

"Oh, I am never too busy for my friends!"

"Then I shall start the story this afternoon."

"If you will, please. I am anxious to hear it."

"Woman's curiosity," laughed the doctor as he arose to go.



## IX

### DR. MACKENZIE'S STORY

"I do not need to tell you that my people were Scotch," laughed the doctor, as he wrapped his steamer rug around him and sat down on the chair next to Margaret's.

"No," answered the girl, "your name, and not your speech, betrays you."

"My father was an old-fashioned Scotchman who thought there were no schools in the world like those in his native land. He was determined that I should receive my education at the Edinburgh University, in spite of the fact," said the doctor, with a smile, "that there was no 'Carnegie Grant' in those days for the education of the children of Scottish-born parents.

"Like most young men of my age, I had a girl. Her name was Betty and I was very fond of her. You can understand, therefore, that my greatest

trial was, not to leave my people, but to leave Betty. However, we promised to write long letters each week and fixed a certain day in the week when each was to write to the other; consequently, some very lengthy epistles passed between us through the years. In the meantime, I decided to be a doctor, and when I finished with honors, and was ready to start my practice, I received an appointment for three years in a large hospital in India. As I told you, I was saved during my stay in Edinburgh and when I made a short visit home to see the folks I had the joy and privilege of winning Betty for Christ. We talked over our future plans and became engaged,—perhaps that is too strong a word to use. There was no ring, but just an understanding between us that I would return after three years and marry her. Before I left, we dwelt a great deal on the truth of the unequal yoke and Betty saw it very clear as taught in the Word of God. She used to laugh and say, ‘I am glad I did not know about this when you were dealing with me about salvation, else you might have thought I made a profession to please you, but I accepted Christ for His own sake and He is to me, ‘altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand.’”

“Then came the parting day; our parting words were not the Mizpah given by Laban to Jacob, ‘The

Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another,' but another farewell I had learned in the old world.

"During the revival at which I was saved a song book, compiled by Ira D. Sankey, was used, which was a collection of several hundred choice hymns. The soldiers stationed at Gibraltar had also been reached for Jesus Christ. During the night, as the men were on duty, it was a common occurrence to hear them, as they met, talk for a few moments; as they passed on they would give what they called their watchword, 'Four-nine-four,' which was the number of the parting hymn, 'God be with you till we meet again,' in the Sankey collection. Then the other soldier, if he were a Christian and knew the hymn language, would answer: 'Six farther on,' which was five hundred in the same collection, 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.'

"And so we parted, neither of us realizing that when we would meet again it would only be to learn, that for one to get out of the will of God would mean many heartaches and much sorrow as well as disappointments in this life and wasted years that might have been spent for the glory of God when we would see Him face to face.

"For the first year I was very punctual in my correspondence, sending a weekly letter to Betty,

assuring her of my love and many times reminding her of the time when I would return to make her my bride. As time went on I became a popular surgeon, reaching the top of the ladder of my profession two steps at a time. I soon found, if I were to keep up my spiritual life, and be a bright Christian, some time would have to be devoted to the reading of the Word of God and in service for the Master. With these good reasons, as I thought, I told her my letters would come less frequently and somehow I became careless and, I must confess, for one in my profession, thoughtless, and there came a time when I did not even write at all, though my love for Betty had not changed. I took too much for granted. As we look back over our lives we can see our mistakes and profit by them, but we should never forget that we cannot retrace our footsteps on the sands of time.

“In the meantime Betty had another suitor, a very handsome, educated and cultured young man who was desperately in love with her. She liked him because he was kind and attentive and unlike her other matter-of-fact lover who had so sadly neglected her. This new suitor was not a Christian, but her friends, particularly a minister friend of hers, advised her to marry him.

“‘He is not a Christian,’ argued Betty.

“‘He is a church member,’ answered the minister.

“‘But the Bible says, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”’

“‘That portion is speaking about heathen and infidels,’ answered the minister.

“‘Betty was not satisfied, though she did not feel competent to confute the arguments of a theologian. When she and her sister were alone she opened her heart and told how troubled she was and that her new lover wanted an answer the next evening.

“‘You like him, don’t you?’ asked her sister.

“‘Yes, but I like Malcolm Mackenzie better,’ said poor, troubled Betty.

“‘I do not see why you should hold on to Malcolm when he has not answered your last letter and has not been gentlemanly enough to let you know why.’

“‘I know he is very matter-of-fact,’ said Betty, in defence of her delinquent lover, ‘but I feel sure he will keep his word, even though he does not write.’

“‘Oh, I do not believe it,’ said her sister, who never was very spiritually minded. ‘He has become infatuated with some of those English people who swarm around Calcutta and has forgotten all about his promise to you.’

“‘I wish I knew whether he cares or not, and what I should say to Bob.’

“‘A bird in the hand is worth two on the bush! You had better marry Bob and forget Malcolm. I’ll



tell you what we will do—draw cuts. We will mark them one and two; one will be Malcolm, two will be Bob, and we will see what will come out of it.’

“Three times the cut marked two was drawn by Betty, who, thinking it was her fate to marry the young man whose attentions she had been accepting for nearly a year, turned deathly pale, reeled and swooned on the floor at her sister’s feet. It was settled though, and she married a man who had no scruples about drinking wine at dinner, who visited the theatre often, danced when the opportunity afforded, laughed at her religious views, and after he was married seldom went to church and took absolutely no interest in the things of God.”

“It sounds like fiction,” said Margaret as the doctor stopped to get his breath.

“‘Truth is stranger than fiction,’ Miss Robinson. I know I was to blame and I cannot forgive myself for my carelessness and thoughtlessness, but how anyone can walk into an unequal yoke in the face of a plain command in the Word of God is more than I know. When one is married to a child of the devil one may look for trouble from one’s father-in-law, and such was the case in the history of Betty.

“The wedding was described as one of the prettiest ever held in that part of the country. Friends were pleased, guests were happy and the bridegroom was

jubilant as he went off with his prize; but Betty's heart was sad on her wedding day. It seemed the precursor of misery and disappointment as a result of disobedience. She had gone through the ceremony like a machine and, when it was too late, found that her husband was a man of the world. They had nothing in common and were not suited to each other though wedded for life. They were to travel for six months and during that time, I was told, her mind, heart and thoughts were with me in far-off India, but, as the wife of another, she never expected to see me again.

"The time had come for my return and friends had scheduled me to speak at different places on my way. When I arrived in one town, I found an announcement in the paper which read: 'A missionary will give his experiences in India at the prayer-meeting tonight.' I was not a missionary and was rather amused, but having been engaged in Christian work in Calcutta I considered it a privilege to tell about the work of God from the standpoint of a busy surgeon. As I entered the building I found someone sitting on the back seat and to my great surprise it was Betty.

"Stepping in front of her, I said, 'Betty, are you here?'

“‘Yes, I’m here,’ and she turned a dozen colors in a second.

“‘What are you doing here?’

“‘Visiting,’ she answered, and in the portentous silence that followed I realized something unexpected had happened, and my fears were confirmed when she swooned over in a dead faint at my feet.

“Summoning aid, I carried her to a doctor’s house next to the church and as we placed her on the couch the doctor exclaimed, ‘It’s our guest. I’ll call her husband.’

“‘Her husband!’

“‘Yes,’ answered the doctor, ‘they are just returning from their honeymoon and are visiting us for a few days.’

“That was the first intimation I had received of Betty’s wedding. I had an engagement ring in my pocket and was on my way to her home to marry her according to the promise made three years ago.”

There was silence for a few moments and as Dr. Mackenzie heaved a sigh, he said, “That was the last time Betty ever saw me. I returned to India, married a missionary—a very godly woman—and we were happy together though she left me and went to a better home in a few short years. The rest of the story you know.”

Margaret was looking into space and was deathly

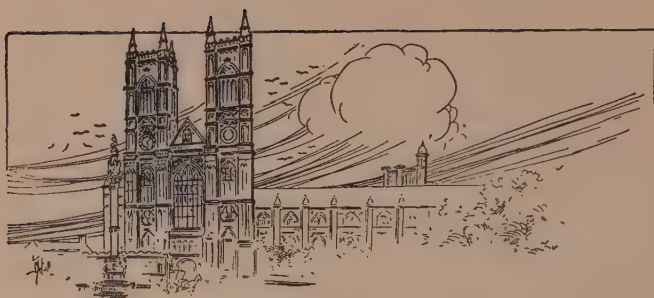
pale. Apparently she was settling something in her mind and as the doctor watched her he asked :

"Has it occurred to you, Miss Robinson, that you know Betty?"

"I am afraid to answer your question, doctor," she said as she looked into his face, her eyes filled with tears.

The kind doctor placed his hand on her shoulder and said in his inimitable way, "Betty was your mother—Elizabeth Scott."

"I thought so," said Margaret, sobs choking her. "Poor mother! That accounts for her sad life. I am so glad you told me the story and I only wish I could go to her this moment and offer her more comfort than I have been able to do heretofore."



## X

### THE COMPANION PICTURES

"Here we are in sight of old England," said Dr. Mackenzie, as he viewed the land with his field glasses early in the morning. "We shall reach Fishguard by ten o'clock and London in a comparatively short time afterwards. I am glad the sea voyage is almost over, though this one has been very interesting, Miss Robinson."

"I have enjoyed it immensely," said Margaret enthusiastically.

"Are your people well?" queried the doctor.

"Mother is not at all well and I feared to leave her, but Mrs. Barrande accepted my invitation to spend the summer at Scott City, so when it was arranged for me to visit London she kindly consented to be the *charge d'affaires* in my absence. This is

such a happy arrangement I have no worry at all about her."

Prof. Barrande was like a school boy receiving his friends, who laughed and told him their experiences on shipboard. Time seemed to fly and when Margaret announced that they had spent two hours at dinner it seemed unbelievable.

"Where would you like to go, Miss Robinson?" asked the professor.

"To the exhibition hall, if permissible, to see the pictures of the competitors," answered Margaret, who always knew where she wanted to go and what she wanted to do.

"The party will leave the hotel for the exhibition in half an hour. Will that suit you?"

"Admirably, but do not ask me to point out my picture. We are not supposed to draw attention to the artists."

"We shall not be inquisitive," laughed the doctor. "Women are the only people guilty of curiosity."

"Not always," retorted Margaret. "We will have a display of man's curiosity tonight when we see those pictures. I am glad that exhibition etiquette forbids my divulging secrets."

At the time appointed, Margaret, dressed in an outdoor costume, came into the hall where the party was to assemble and there were many introductions

as the new members were added to this itinerant family. The inspection of the pictures was most interesting to all. There were many and varied productions, but the one that struck Margaret most was the one hung next to her own, which was a real companion picture.

"Look here!" said Prof. Barrande. "Some one has exhibited two pictures though only one was required."

"That is strange, but they are companion pictures," said Dr. Mackenzie, "and they could not be very well separated, but credit can only be given for one entry. This gentleman," he said laughing, "or perhaps lady, has two chances."

"Perhaps both," said Margaret thoughtfully.

"Not likely," said the professor, "unless they worked side by side and arranged it so."

Margaret was puzzled. One was her picture. What artist painted the other? In hers the sheep was lost and the little verse she sang to the president of the National Society was the interpretation of the picture.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountains cold and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."



Strange to say, this artist had painted a mountain scene also, but in his picture the Shepherd was returning with the sheep safely placed on His shoulders. A little printed card was tucked in the corner of the frame with the last verse of that same song given as the interpretation of the second picture!

“But all through the mountains thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
‘Rejoice! I have found My sheep!’  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
‘Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!’”

Next morning, although she had no rest after her trip across the Atlantic, Margaret joined the party in seeing the sights of London. They left early in a huge motor bus and spent the entire day seeing as much of London as possible.

Their program took in the Houses of Parliament, St. Margaret's Chapel, Lambeth House, and Westminster Abbey. The Coronation chair was of great interest, and Prof. Barrande lectured at length on the history of the nation it represented.

As they left, the professor called their attention to the vaults of David Livingstone and Lord Kelvin. He explained that Livingstone, who was born into a weaver's family in Scotland, was honored in his death when placed among England's nobility in Westmin-

ster, but that he was honored more for the sacrifices he had made for the people of darkest Africa, for whom he had given his life, and that now he represented them in the presence of the King of kings as a member of the royal family of heaven.

“What strength of character! What godliness! What sacrifice!” he said, “could earn the tribute inscribed here to his memory. ‘For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races; to explore the undiscovered secrets; to abolish the desolating slave traffic of Central Africa, where, with his last words he wrote, “All I can add in my solitude is—may heaven’s rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world.”’ ”

Then he passed on to Lord Kelvin, who was the greatest scientist of his day and who said, “One word characterizes the most strenuous efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years. That word is *failure*. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as professor.” And again, “Forty years ago I asked Liebig, if he believed that the grass and flowers which he saw around

us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.' "

"This," said Prof. Barrande, "brings us back to our Bibles to believe that there is One who knows infinitely more than all the scientists and scholars of this, or any other day."

The next places of interest were Buckingham Palace and Hyde Park, and by that time they were ready for a good round meal.

St. Paul's Cathedral was the next on the list and again they enjoyed the lecture by their professor, who, after explaining much about this historic building, finished up with a message on the lives of Gordon and Rowland Hill, whose statues they were looking at.

As they gazed at the saintly face of Gordon, the inscription on the statue reminded them of one, "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God."

Rowland Hill was ever an inspiration to those who wished to serve Jesus Christ, for he, as a man of noble blood, had given up all for Jesus and through his fearless preaching had won many in his own station in life from the power of Satan unto God.

The British Museum was the next place of interest, and here the professor drew the attention of the travelers to the fact that the Alexandrian Manuscript of the Bible was to be found. If there were any skeptics, in the party, their skepticism got a hard blow as they listened to this champion of the Word of God tell how the Bible was preserved and brought down, century by century, to the present day.

Their itinerary continued for a week or more and each day was full, but Margaret enjoyed it thoroughly and felt she could use the helps she was getting in her work for God in the future.

When Sunday came Prof. Barrande announced that this was his day of rest, and that if they desired advice as to the place to worship he would be glad to make suggestions. Margaret went where she was told she would get the truth, and enjoyed a very refreshing sermon from the text, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." "The angel of the covenant and the messenger of the covenant in the Old Testament," said the preacher, "were none other than the Jesus Christ of the text," and in proof of this, he compared the angel wrestling with Jacob—not Jacob wrestling with the angel—in the yesterday, with the Lord who spoke to Saul on the way to Damascus, in the today of the gospel; the angel speaking to Hagar, the bondwoman, to the Christ

who spoke to the woman at Sychar's well; the angel awaking Elisha to give him a cake ready for eating when he was hungry, to the Christ who prepared the meal for the tired and weary fishermen of Galilee. The exhortation to God's people was one that would strengthen and sustain them for the week on which they had entered, and the invitation to the unsaved was an appeal that would doubtless bear fruit in the coming days. Margaret was thankful to hear such an appeal to a congregation who needed the gospel just the same as those who were far down in the gutter of sin.



## XI

### A MASTER OF SCIENCE

A fine-looking young man hurrying along the Strand in London collided with an elderly gentleman who was just coming out of a shop.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young man, as he looked into the face of Dr. Mackenzie, and in a moment they were standing with clasped hands, smiling into each other's faces.

"Father—you here?"

"Yes, my son. I came here in the hope that I would see you, but came to the conclusion you were not interested in the exhibition or you and your work would be in evidence somewhere."

"Well, here I am and my work is at the exhibition—a very hurried piece of work, indeed, and probably a disgrace to the profession, but a piece of work I am exceedingly proud of, nevertheless."

"Come to the hotel with me," said the elder man, noticing for the first time that they were blocking the traffic on a busy thoroughfare. "Let us have a long talk."

"Delightful! but before we go farther I have some good news for you, father—I am saved."

Again they stopped and Dr. Mackenzie looked into the eyes of his son with wonder and amazement. Then suddenly he raised his hat, looked toward the sky and said with profound thankfulness, "Praise the Lord!"

When he recovered from the surprise he said, "I can scarcely wait until we reach the hotel to hear the rest of your story. Surely the Lord has answered prayer and I am anxious to hear the details."

Dr. Mackenzie was not a man for luxuries, except when traveling and then he insisted on comfort. Knowing this, Prof. Barrande had secured for him a suite of rooms on the second floor front of the same hotel where his party was entertained, and to his luxurious sitting-room he led the way. There were two easy chairs placed in the bay window and soon the two men were comfortably settled in these for a quiet, uninterrupted talk. Young Mackenzie related his story with a zest he had never shown in regard to religion before.



“In the first place, I do not need to tell you, though we never had an opportunity to discuss the matter, where I stood in regard to the truth of the Bible, but I want to say this—I was sincere in my acceptance of the theology that led me away from God. I did not take a theological course, as you know, but I got my theories from teachers with whom I was friendly outside the classroom. These teachers I admired; their theories were so plausible and their proofs so reasonable that to deny them, according to their teaching, was to ally myself with the unthinking, the illiterate and the bigoted. The theology I espoused is antagonistic to the New Testament doctrines of Christianity. This modern, religious apostasy is the product of philosophies of rationalism and evolution, and its radical, destructive criticism of the Bible was the principal factor in driving me away from God. It is opposed to the Deity of Jesus Christ and His authority as final in matters of faith and practice—in fact, it is opposed to the New Testament throughout. I found it the enemy of the Bible and all true evangelical religion. I delighted in airing my views and boasted that I did not believe the Bible; the story of Adam and Eve was a myth, while the story of the creation was impossible.

“I spent some time in Australia, where everything

is done backwards. The mountains are around the coast and the rivers run inland. They have not the same stars we have; the trees shed their bark and not their leaves; the warm winds come from the north and the cold winds from the south; their hottest day is Christmas day and the coldest day is the Fourth of July.

“When I decided to come here I made arrangements to travel by the new steamer *Seagirt*. My stateroom companion was a Christian young man who had more practical knowledge of my theology than I had myself—a fact that was rather humiliating to me. He was a university graduate and had been saved from skepticism but a year before. My much boasted unbelief seemed blasphemy as viewed under the searchlight of such a newly-found faith; my accepted theology lost its charm in the light of a new life, a peace, a joy that all my higher criticism had failed to bring to my unsatisfied heart; my arguments proved tame and silly in the light of reason and spirituality—a spirituality I had never seen among higher critics. Altogether I was disgusted with myself before we were one week at sea. I came to the place where I was willing to hear the more ostensible arguments of my companion, who refuted the assumptions and demolished the assertions put forth by the class I represented. I bombarded him

with questions, always getting a ready and spirited response.

“First, we started with the creation and I brought up the threadbare argument that it was impossible for God to create the earth in six days. Science tells us that the age of the earth is anywhere from ten million years to a thousand million years. With facile ease and certainty my friend took out his Bible and said—something I had never heard before—that the Bible does not say God created the earth in six days. Such a statement fairly took my breath from me and ultimately shattered my cosmogony. To make sure his Bible was the same as mine I went to my stateroom and from the bottom of my steamer trunk brought out my mother’s Bible. We opened them at the first chapter of Genesis and read, ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.’ ‘Now then,’ said my friend, ‘God stops there and does not tell us how many million years elapsed before He gives us the history of the fall and redemption of the human race as recorded in the Word of God. Scientists attempt to tell us and fail. Take, for instance, the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi. One scientist calculated it to take 100,000 years in forming, another estimated it at 4,000 years, and still another at 1,300 years. This goes to prove that science changes its mind,’ said my friend, who

was a Master of Science, 'but God remains the same yesterday, today and forever. He does not give dates about the creation. Between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis many millions of years may have elapsed. The first verse speaks of the dateless past and gives scope for all the geologic ages. From the second verse to the thirtieth we have the regeneration of this old world.' This was enough for me for one day,—it was something I had never comprehended before and my friend was careful not to give me any more that day. The theology I had espoused began to seem like sinking sand, leaving me in the face of truth without a foundation, and I felt rather uncomfortable.

"My next argument was the evolution of man, which was met in the same masterly way—my friend showing me that the New Testament was enfolded in the Old, while the Old Testament was unfolded in the New. The Old Testament expressly declares that man was created and the declaration is confirmed by Christ Himself in the New Testament in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. Man was made, unlike the animals of the lower creation, in the image and likeness of God. The likeness is found in the triune man,—body, soul and spirit, while the image has been effaced by sin as a result of the fall. Here he showed me my need of salvation by One who never yielded to

the temptations of the evil one, and that the redemption of the human race had to come by the Son of God. Again I went away with new food for thought, feeling very unhappy as I realized my companion had a religion, a belief, that gave him assurance—an assurance that was lacking in my life, in spite of my boasted theology.

“My next argument was against the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ. My friend, apparently expecting this, took out his Bible and opening it at Matthew’s Gospel pointed to the genealogy of Jesus and said, ‘Did you ever stop to think how the line is recorded? Note the changed expression which is most important. It does not read, “Who begat,” but “Mary, of whom was born Jesus.” Jesus was not born of natural generation.’ That, too, was new to me. I had accepted the theory that He was the son of Joseph and did not know the Bible made it so clear that He was the Son of God. The walls around my new theology were crumbling and I asked how it was we did not get this teaching in college. My friend was fond of his college and said he had learned much from his teachers, who were not men of mediocre ability, but who represented innumerable minds seeking an explanation of the truths that baffled the intellect unenlightened by the Spirit of the living God. Again he brought me to the Bible and to the portion

where Jesus asks Peter, 'Whom say ye that I am?' Peter's answer was, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven,' the answer of our Lord. 'That is why our very best teachers, unless they are saved, cannot teach the Bible, for they are only flesh and blood, and these things are spiritually discerned. They think the Bible is a series of contradictions from beginning to end, but since I was saved I find it coheres by the principle of unity, internal unity, because it is the Word of God.'

"By this time I was so miserable, I could neither eat nor sleep and the thing that troubled me most was the fact that my companion was praying for me. I would fain have asked him to stop praying, but I feared the Holy Spirit would leave me for the last time and that I never would be saved. I paced the deck almost an entire night and in the small hours of the morning, while my companion slept, I prayed as I had never prayed before and, on bended knees in my stateroom, surrendered to the claims of Christ, believing His word that 'He was wounded for our (my) transgressions, \* \* \* bruised for our (my) iniquities; the chastisement of our (my) peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we (I) are (am) healed.'

“The next three weeks on board the *Seagirt* were spent in Bible study and I found the Bible a new book; instead of containing the word of God, it is to me the Word of God. I find it a most accurate blueprint of the movements of the world.

“Now I want to ask your forgiveness for the heartaches I have given you, through my waywardness and unbelief. Thank God, it is gone for ever!”





## XII

### THE PROMISED LAND

"Margaret told me the story of your loyalty to Jesus Christ, Mrs. Barrande, which resulted in your husband's conversion," said Mrs. Robinson, as she and her guest watched the ever-changing scenes of an ocean panorama, "and I want you to know that I consider it a privilege to have you here. I am sure we will have times of sweet fellowship together during your stay. Some day I shall tell you my story and should I not have the courage, nor opportunity, to tell my daughter, I should like you to do so after I am gone. I have a premonition I shall not be long here. Strange forebodings of coming trouble haunt me and I long to be at rest."

One evening, just as the sun was touching the western horizon, Mrs. Robinson told the same story to Mrs. Barrande that Dr. Mackenzie told Margaret

on board the transatlantic liner. As she finished both women wept and decided to go to Mrs. Barrande's room—where they would not be interrupted—and pray. They prayed earnestly for Capt. Robinson, asking God to come in in His mighty power and save him. As they arose from their knees, Mrs. Barrande said, "I know God is going to answer prayer."

"Yes, I believe He will," said Mrs. Robinson, "but I have waited long."

"It is coming according to His promise, 'Whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive.' God undertook for you the moment you put your case in His hands. The answer may be delayed, but the ship will arrive heavily laden, perhaps very soon," said the faithful Mrs. Barrande.

Yes, that was true, but it was well they could not lift the curtain and peep into the future, learning in what way their prayers would be answered. God is kind when He hides what the morrow has in store.

"I know not what awaits me;  
God kindly veils mine eyes,  
And o'er each step of my onward way  
He makes new scenes to rise;  
And every joy He sends me comes  
A sweet and glad surprise.

"So on I go—not knowing,  
I would not if I might;  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,  
Than go alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk by faith with Him,  
Than go alone by sight."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. Robinson is not well this morning," announced the maid as Mrs. Barrande came to breakfast. "She would like to see you after breakfast."

"I shall go now—breakfast can wait for a little while, Mary," said the anxious guest, who feared that the condition of her hostess' health was more serious than any one realized.

"Sorry you are not feeling well this morning," she said, as she entered the cozy, comfortable room that had been specially furnished by Margaret's thoughtful care for her mother.

"I fear my days are numbered. Send for the doctor, please," she gasped, as she tried to get breath.

No time was lost in bringing the best physician from Scott City. He looked very grave as he examined the patient and said he would send a nurse as soon as he reached his office. Then, as he left, he confided his fears to the only person who could take the reins of the household in the absence of Margaret and a specialist was telegraphed for immediately.

The specialist was a man of few words, but one felt he knew his business, when after an examination and consultation, he said, "The patient has angina pectoris and may go at any moment, but may live for a week, not more than that. She must have perfect quietness, every care and attention, but no worry."

She lived for three days, and each day a cablegram went to Prof. Barrande announcing the rather sudden illness, the suffering and finally the death of Mrs. Robinson.

On the third day after the trained nurse arrived Mrs. Barrande was sent for as the patient wanted to tell her something important. She took paper and pencil along, thinking it was a message for Margaret.

"I believe—God will answer—prayer," said the sick woman, brokenly. "From—Mount Pisgah—Moses saw—Canaan—but never entered. I see—the promised land—of answered prayer—but—I will not be here. You—may win—my husband—to Christ. God bless you—and all—my family."

Her eyes closed and she slept peacefully for an hour. Mrs. Barrande watched lest she should miss any message the dying woman might want to leave. There was a move again and she tried to speak. At first the words were not audible, but at last they

came in short gasps, "Prayer—will—be—answered." There was silence for a moment and then she asked, "Will you — sing — last verse — 'Sweet hour — of prayer'?"

Very softly Mrs. Barrande sang:

"Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

As the last words were sung a smile flitted over the face of the dying woman. Claspings her hands on her bosom, she said almost jubilantly, "My Lord, and my God," and was no more.

Just then a noise in the next room made Mrs. Barrande go to the door. There stood Capt. Robinson looking like a man who had lost his reason. He had gone away, a week before, on a fishing trip and all efforts to reach him had proved futile. Consequently he did not know about his wife's sudden illness, which resulted in her death, until now.

The maid downstairs told him all about it and he was stunned with grief. Mrs. Barrande told him as best she could about the last moments of his wife's

life and was surprised beyond measure to see him kneel at the bedside and weep like a child. Then he explained that just the day before, a power he could not explain had taken hold of him, showing him himself as one of the worst sinners in the world. Sin became so obnoxious, and his burden so great, he decided to return home, ask his wife's forgiveness for his neglect, unkind treatment and selfishness, and to seek to know her Saviour. "But now I return only to find my resolution was made too late; she is gone, and I am on my way to hell. I have been such a sinner—I do not deserve anything but the punishment of a lost eternity. Elizabeth was a good woman, a real true Christian, and I was a wretch to treat her as I did and to break her heart. O God, if it is possible to save a sinner like me, save me and give me the peace my dear, dead wife enjoyed while she lived! Help me to know the Saviour she served so faithfully while I served the devil."

Mrs. Barrande took his wife's Bible from the bureau and pointing to the marked verse, she read, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Is it possible for God to save a wretch like me?" said the poor, desperate penitent.

“There is nothing too hard for the Lord. Trust Him and He will save you now for, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’”

The work was done; the broken-hearted, wretched man surrendered to the claims of Christ and accepted God’s offer of mercy, trusting Christ as his Saviour. Only an hour had passed since Mrs. Barrande had written down the last words of Mrs. Robinson on earth and how much had happened in that short time. Mrs. Robinson herself had taken her place among the redeemed ones on the shining steeps of glory, while her poor wayward, recalcitrant, drunken husband had become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The news of the death of the one and the conversion of the other parent was cabled to Margaret and received by Prof. Barrande, who thought it better to wait for an opportune time to break the news, as they were planning to leave soon for home.





### XIII

#### MAKING DISCOVERIES

The party had continued their sightseeing excursion in London and vicinity under the leadership of Prof. Barrande, whose most interesting lectures made the trip an education along many lines. But they were all anxiously looking forward to the day when they would embark for home.

"The medals will be awarded to the fortunate artists today. Shall we have the pleasure of carrying off a gold medal in our party, Miss Robinson?"

"Not unless the artist joins our party on the homeward trip," said Margaret unobtrusively.

"I find," said the professor, suddenly becoming very serious, "we must sail tomorrow. A fine ship leaves Southampton tomorrow night and I have wired for reservations for the entire party. Can you be ready so soon as that?"

"Yes. I have enjoyed my trip immensely, but I am a little anxious about mother and will be glad to get home just as soon as possible."

"Poor girl!" thought the kind-hearted man, who was rushing the arrangements for her sake alone, though he had not the heart to tell her the sad news and spoil her last days in the great metropolis.

Now that it was definitely settled they were to leave next day, Margaret slipped away to take a last look at her picture as it hung by the side of its mysterious companion. She tripped lightly through the halls, feeling unusually happy in the wonderful love and care of her heavenly Father. Turning the corner quickly, she noticed Dr. Mackenzie standing before the picture talking earnestly to a young man who leaned on his arm. She did not mean to be an eavesdropper, but could not close her ears to the distinctly enunciated words:

"These words are true. There was rejoicing in heaven when I, as a poor sinner, turned to the One who came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Surprised beyond her most sanguine expectations, Margaret's heart bounded within her and forgetting everything, she stepped up and said, "Is that really true? Has God found the lost sheep?"

The young man wheeled around so quickly at the sound of her voice, he nearly threw her off her

balance, and catching her by the hand, he said, "Margaret, are you here?"

"Yes," she answered, realizing for the first time what she had done. "Please excuse me for interrupting your conversation, but I was so pleased to hear your testimony I just had to ask the question."

"That was all right, Miss Robinson. I was just explaining this picture to my father and telling him that the lost sheep had been found. By the way, you have not met my father. Miss Robinson, Dr. Mackenzie, my father."

"We do not need an introduction, Arthur," said the doctor laughing, "we are old friends."

"When did you meet?"

"On the ship coming over to England—we were in the same party and had a wonderful time making discoveries."

"Is this your picture?" said Margaret, putting aside exhibition etiquette and changing the subject.

"Yes, is this yours?"

"Yes. I am so glad prayer has been answered. I must go now, as I know you want to talk to your father. Good-by for the present."

"Well! well!" said the doctor, when they were left alone, "this is surely a time of finding out things, but there is one thing I have not found out—when you

were engaged to such a fine young woman as Miss Robinson, why did you not marry her?"

"She broke off the engagement rather than disobey God and marry an unbeliever, and I want to tell you that that had more to do with my coming to Christ than anything else."

"Praise the Lord!" said the doctor. "I have made another discovery. Perhaps I will have her for my daughter yet."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Miss Robinson," said the doctor as he met her in the lobby later in the afternoon, "I have been looking for you. Will you step into my sitting room—there is something I want to show you?"

"Yes, doctor. I have made all my preparations for the homeward trip and have some time to spare. I shall be pleased to do so."

Placing an easy chair in the bay window for her, he proceeded to look for a box, the contents of which he was anxious to show her. At last he picked up a leather case, opened it and stood looking for several moments, then put it down with a sigh.

"I have found the box," he said thoughtfully, "but there is something else I must do first. Will you excuse me while I go downstairs? I shall not keep you waiting long."

"I do not mind waiting," said Margaret. "I shall enjoy watching the people passing to and fro."

He was gone in a moment. Downstairs he had left Arthur and Prof. Barrande discussing the details for the coming journey. Hastening up to them, he said, "Arthur, will you go to my sitting room and find a box I left on the table? It is on the center table, a small morocco jewel-case."

As he disappeared the doctor turned to Prof. Barrande and said, "Let us not wait for him, but go and complete the arrangements for his passage with our party."

Arthur bounded upstairs and into his father's sitting room unceremoniously and was surprised to see Miss Robinson.

"I beg your pardon. I was not aware there was anyone here."

"Dr. Mackenzie said he had something to show me and asked me to wait for him."

"Father sent me up to find something he left on the table," said Arthur. "I think this must be it. It was a small leather case. I wonder if this can be the one he wanted?"

"Well, I do not know. I think that is the one he wanted to show me, because he had it in his hand just before he left."

"This appears to be the only jewel-case on the cen-

ter table," said Arthur, taking it up in his hand. "I'll carry it to him."

On his return to the hall he found the chairs vacant and learned from the clerk that the two men had gone out.

"This is a strange thing for dad to do. I can't understand his forgetting Miss Robinson. He is usually very careful about courtesies when women are concerned. I wonder what he wanted to show her. The only thing for me to do is to go up and wait until he comes."

"Was this what my father was going to show you, Miss Robinson?" he said, as he opened the door, and without waiting for an answer, continued, "Dad was not in the hall when I went down, but I presume he will be back soon."

When about half an hour had passed and Dr. Mackenzie had not returned Arthur began to be suspicious and he, too, was anxious to know what was in the box, so reaching to the table he opened the jewel-case revealing a small solid silver frame with the photograph of a young woman and a ring in a smaller case.

Arthur turned very pale as he looked from the picture to Margaret and then with a question in his voice he said:

"Your picture, Miss Robinson?"

"Not mine," said Margaret, the color deepening in her face, as she gazed at a picture which recalled one she had often seen in childhood, "it is the picture of my mother when she was a young woman."

"And the ring," said Arthur still questioning.

"Probably the ring your father had when he returned from India to marry her."

"Margaret, do you mean to say your mother was the young woman my father intended marrying? I have sometimes heard him mention a disappointment in his early days."

"I have just learned recently, that my mother was the cause of the disappointment, and she, too, has suffered."

"Margaret, these treasures with their story of sorrow, heartache and disappointment ought to bring us closer together. The experience of our parents might have been duplicated in our lives had you not been so true to God. How glad I am today that you held firmly to your principles!"

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening a happy group gathered in Dr. Mackenzie's sitting-room where the awarding of the prizes was discussed and Margaret was the proud possessor of a gold medal. The doctor was as happy as a child, not because of the medal, though he was proud of the fact that Margaret had carried off the laurels



in the contest, but because he was going to have, in reality, Margaret for his daughter. The engagement was announced when Prof. Barrande joined the group and Margaret wore the ring she had returned seven years ago.

"Well," said the doctor, "Miss Robinson took the medal at the exhibition, but Arthur has won a more valuable prize."

"Congratulations!" said the professor, "and above everything else, thanks to God for His marvelous grace and another wonderful answer to prayer."

The party was a very happy one that left the shores of England; but not until they were fully three days at sea did Margaret learn the news of her mother's death and Dr. Mackenzie was the one who told her. She was prostrated for a day, but when she next appeared there was a happy, unaccountable look in her eyes. Arthur learned what it was, as they talked over the events of the last few days.

"You have had a hard battle," he said, as he took her hand in his and looked into the eyes that were swollen with weeping.

"Yes, Arthur, the blow was so heavy I thought I never would recover, but the Lord has given me a great victory. I have learned that I must not sorrow for mother since she has gone to be with Christ

which is far better. I must live for those who are left. The loss of my dear mother pricks like a thorn in my heart, but my heavenly Father has taught me to lean on Him and breathe the perfume of the beautiful rose budding and blooming on this thorn of sorrow, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' "

The joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, that were the lot of mother and daughter in the past, had turned thoughtlessness into foresight, anxiety into calm content. These blessings and chastenings had formed a huge cable of fellowship that stretched across seas and continents and brought together, at the throne of grace, those whom neither time, nor distance, could separate. In the secret of His presence, where the working of that mysterious wireless, known and used by God's people before Marconi was born, they had sent countless messages coursing through the powers of darkness in heavenly places to the One who makes heaven His throne and the earth His footstool. Together they had rejoiced as one by one their prayers were answered. Ah, there was still much cause for rejoicing even in the midst of sorrow for Margaret's heart was glad that her father, for whom they had prayed so earnestly, had at last yielded himself unto God.

In the years that followed, Arthur, with his magnificent physique and personality, brains and in-

telleet, surrendered absolutely to Jesus Christ, united to Margaret, who had trusted and sacrificed for Christ's sake, labored and toiled together for the One who had so marvelously answered prayer and rewarded faithfulness. The gifts, talents, home and wealth with which they had been so liberally endowed, were kept for the Master's use as they did their part, sharing them with God's servants who labored in the great harvest field, with one paramount desire—the glory of God.

"I gave my life for thee;  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave my life for thee:  
What hast thou given for Me?

"My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for thee  
Hast thou left aught for Me?

"And I have brought to thee  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free  
My pardon and my love.  
Great gifts I brought to thee:  
What hast thou brought to Me?

"Oh, let thy life be given  
Thy years for Him be spent;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent.  
Bring thou thy matchless all:  
Follow thy Saviour's call."













